



## THE CITY AND THE SEA.





*"Life is joy, and love is power,  
Death all fetters doth unbind;  
Strength and wisdom only flower  
When we toil for all our kind."*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



# “THE CITY AND THE SEA,”

With Other Cambridge Contributions,

IN AID OF

## THE HOSPITAL FUND.

“See what they be; read them.”

SHAKESPEARE.



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## P R E F A C E.

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FOR the welfare of every community certain institutions are needed, prominent among which are schools and religious societies. There is another institution whose necessity is not perhaps as widely recognized, yet whose mission is of great importance. This is the hospital, an outcome of Christianity; for though we do not exactly know in what way the ancients cared for their sick poor, the probability is that the work was done by individual Good Samaritans. The hospital, as known to us of modern times, undoubtedly had its origin among the Mediæval monks, who, whatever their faults, certainly showed a praiseworthy spirit of kindness toward the poor and afflicted.

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Sickness and pain, hard enough to be borne by any, are aggravated a thousand times in the abodes of poverty ; and it is a cause for thankfulness that science and philanthropy have pointed out a way whereby we may do something to ease the sufferings of the unfortunate. Since the hospital, then, is an institution so needed in every large community, it is strange that Cambridge as yet has not one. For while the general prosperity of Cambridge is evident and acknowledged, her citizens cannot claim immunity from disease or poverty.

Painful accidents have occurred, will occur, among the many employed in her various industries ; yet, no matter what the injury, the patient, if poor, must suffer much at home from inadequate care and the general discomfort of his surroundings. That Cambridge has no hospital must not be ascribed wholly to indifference on the part of her citizens. Doubtless many have thought that the Massachusetts General Hospital is able to answer all requirements made upon it by Cambridge patients. The facts, however, are otherwise. The Massachusetts General Hospital is always full.

Demands are constantly made upon it by country towns; and it seems unfair that Cambridge, so well able to take care of her own, should add to the perplexities of its managers.

The need of a Cambridge hospital, now obvious to all, was seen years ago by the few,—among them, Miss Emily E. Parsons, the history of whose work is too well known to require much mention here. Having given her time and strength to the service of the wounded during our late War, on her return she was not willing to sit idle when there was so much to be done for the poor and afflicted at home. Through her efforts, a suitable house was hired in Cambridgeport, and in the spring of 1867, for the first time in its history, Cambridge had a hospital. For various reasons it was closed at the end of one year, but reopened in another location in December, 1869, and continued its good work for two years more. During its brief existence the need of a permanent general hospital in Cambridge was clearly demonstrated, and it was with regret on the part of all who had watched its work that it was finally closed. Yet its work had been carried on under

disadvantages ; the building was not all that could have been desired. With the limited means obtainable for uses of the hospital, it was impossible for Miss Parsons to procure nurses who could efficiently aid her. Kind friends had helped her with their money and sympathy, yet all felt that the hospital could only be thoroughly satisfactory when established in a building of its own, with invested funds sufficient to meet running expenses.

In 1871, an act of incorporation was obtained from the Legislature, the hospital having been previously placed in the hands of trustees ; and to the work of enlisting friends in the cause, Miss Parsons devoted the remaining years of her life. Her success will be understood from the statement that chiefly through her efforts there is now accumulated eighteen thousand dollars (\$18,000), the nucleus of a Cambridge Hospital Fund. After the death of Miss Parsons, in 1880, her friends felt an increased responsibility with regard to the furtherance of her desire ; and sad cases of sickness and want, seen on every hand, impelled them to take at once some decided action.

A call was therefore made upon all parts of Cambridge to unite in working for a Fair, to be held in the autumn of 1881. The readiness with which this call has been answered shows that at last, and none too soon, people are alive to the necessity of establishing a Cambridge Hospital. In Miss Parsons's own words,—

"This is a good work that has come upon us, — caring for the sick and disabled, helping 'those we shall have with us forever,' helping them not only in the body, but sometimes also receiving the great privilege of helping them in a higher way, and one that will be a help to them in the great future that is coming to us all."

With the hope of materially increasing the Hospital Fund, this little book has been arranged; it is hoped, also, that it will be an acceptable souvenir of our pleasant city, since those who have kindly written for it are all closely identified with Cambridge. Everything has been expressly contributed to this book. With one slight exception, whose explanation will be found on page 119, nothing has before appeared in print.

The book having been prepared within a limited

time, at the season when people are scattered far and wide, it was impossible to obtain contributions from all the Cambridge writers whose interest in the object would have led them to contribute.

The sincere thanks of the ladies concerned in increasing the Cambridge Hospital Fund is here given to those who have contributed to this book ; and especially would the editor thank them for the uniform courtesy and interest with which they have assisted her in her work.

H. L. R.

CAMBRIDGE, October, 1881.





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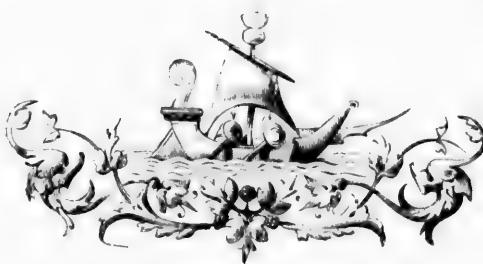
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## THE CITY AND THE SEA.

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THE panting City cried to the Sea,  
    “ I am faint with heat,—O breathe on me ! ”  
And the Sea said, “ Lo, I breathe ! but my breath  
To some will be life, to others death ! ”  
As to Prometheus, bringing ease  
In pain, came the Oceanides,—  
So to the City, hot with the flame  
Of the pitiless sun, the east wind came.  
It came from the heaving breast of the deep,  
Silent as dreams are, and sudden as sleep.  
Life-giving, death-giving, which will it be,—  
O breath of the merciful, merciless Sea ?

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.





## A CAMBRIDGE ROBINSON CRUSOE.

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WE will suppose a boy, born in Cambridge and a steady attendant at the old Parish *Meetinus* (as it was commonly pronounced), to have been wrecked on his first venture to sea in the year 1820; to have lived a Robinson Crusoe life till about the present time, when he has been found by a venerable navigator, his companion in boyhood and fellow-attendant at the Parish Church, and who is conversant with the town and its changes to the present time.

In so long a term of silent self-companionship it would be our friend's melancholy recreation to recall the picture of his old home, and of his neighbors young and old, in the then little more than village

of Cambridge. Seeming like part of another world and another state of being, it would, by long contemplation, become fixed in his mind as something with which time and change had nothing to do. Himself living in perennial vigor, his days silently coming and going like the tides of the sea about him, why should he dream of distant innovation or decay? ' No ! doubtless to his last Sunday reverie on the island, the old meeting-house and its frequenters appear before him as he saw them last. Judge Winthrop still hangs his cocked hat on its brass-headed nail in the south wall ; Mr. Stacey Read goes to his accustomed pew on the other side of the door ; and he seems faintly to hear the rumble of Mr. William Bates's bass-viol as he sets the pitch for the psalm. As he advances along the uncarpeted aisle in his creaking Sunday shoes, he is conscious of trying to leok as if they made no noise. He sees the sexton peeping through his little window in the tower of the church to see if the minister has arrived, that he may cease to toll the bell. No intervening time has changed this perishable picture to his view.

We all know how hard it is to keep in due progression (or retrogression) the budget of facts which each carries in his memory. An amicable person is about to send a present of sugar-plums to the friend's child of whose birth he heard, it seems to him, a year or so since. Asking one or two preliminary questions he finds that the youngster is mining in California, or herding on the plains, or possibly that he is a settled minister, with a boy that exactly fits the intended gift. We meet a valued contemporary whom we have not seen for forty years. He appears his exact former self. "My dear Codlin," we exclaim. "Yes, sir; I am a son of your old friend," is the reply. We greet him cordially, and omit to tell him that we took him for a well preserved youth of sixty or sixty-five summers. We even occasionally find persons who fail to keep up with their own advance in life, and remain ever anchored on the shores of time, in, say, thirty to forty-five fathom.

We must allow the two friends a brief interval, to become wonted to the situation. A member of the First Parish, who has resided fifty years alone

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in a very remote degree of longitude, is not to be approached exactly as a friend whom you met yesterday. He must be allowed a certain amount of hysterical agitation at the prospect of rescue, and to make the first enquiries after parents and household. His jaws, opened for so long a time only to give entrance to his primitive diet, or for brief soliloquy, or for attempts at dialogue with beasts and birds in their own language, need some practice to meet the demands of conversation. His tones of voice, unregulated by any standard, range from the sea-cow to the parrot. He gives vent to any excess of joy in a variety of capers which show that he retains the activity as well as the simplicity of the boy of thirteen. These circumstances make the first meeting with his deliverer rather miscellaneous. A little practice in talking with the Captain, however, has brought him round so that they are quite well prepared for such conversation as they are like to enter on. The Captain is a great custodian of old reminiscences, and he regards his new-found friend somewhat as he would a map of Cambridge that had lain rolled up

for fifty years. He means to examine him to a certain extent, without disturbing his evident impression that his old town remains quite the same to-day as when he left it in 1820.

The third day after arrival (the ship being detained by various causes) our friend having settled down into comparative quiet and, as the Captain said, got his talking tackle on, they both after breakfast lay down under a cocoa-nut tree for a free talk.

"Well now, Captain," said our friend, "I am going to ask you all about Old Cambridge."

"That's right, Royal," said the Captain (for such is our friend's name), "but suppose you should give me some idee first how well you remember it. Have you kept the run of the time since you've been here?"

"Not much," said our friend; "I guess I was considerable distracted when I was first bumped ashore here all alone. I suppose I must have been here fifteen or twenty years."

The Captain saw that his friend had kept his boy estimate of time, and that he considered

twenty years as much as mortal vision could contemplate at one time. He smiled, thinking how he had considered himself far advanced in years at forty, and was now disposed to look at seventy as very near the prime of life.

"Well, Royal," said he, "we will find out by and by how old you are. Now give me your idee of our old town."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Well,—back of the colleges is as good as anywhere."

"Oh, back of Holworthy," said our friend.

"I see you remember the names," said the Captain.

"Yes, there's four colleges, and then there's Harvard and Holden Chapel, and University Chapel besides. That's all of white stone. That's about the finest building in the State, I suppose, next to the State House. Then back of Holworthy is the College playground [Delta], and at the east end of that is the Swamp—the Huckleberry Swamp. Craigie's road is one side of the playground [Cambridge Street]; there's one house

on that about half a mile down, and I don't know as there's any other between that and the Pint [Lechmere's Point, East Cambridge]. Then, on the other side of the playground is the old Charlestown road [Kirkland Street]; there's one old black house down there, an old Foxcroft house, I believe [not far from the head of Oxford Street]; then come up along, there's a piece of land that the College owns; there's a barn on that [near the site of the Scientific School]. Then, going along toward the West Cambridge road [North Avenue], there's a little three-cornered piece of Common, where the Light-horse always comes up at Commencement time. Oh, ain't that a handsome sight, Captain? Well, up there in the corner is the minister's house (I hope I shall hear him preach in the old meeting-house before six months is over), and there's Mr. Royal Morse's and Mr. Gannett's, — *he* died before I come away. I suppose his widder lives there now. Then you come to the corner [Mrs. Baker's, North Avenue], and there's a little pasture-lot with a yellow barn on it. They always have a dancing-tent there Com-

mencements. (Oh, Captain, if we could only get home time for Commencement. There must be more tents now than there was when I come away!) Well, up the road [North Avenue] there's about a dozen houses, say, on each side till you get to Davenport's tavern [near Porter's]. I suppose Davenport does a great business now with the country pungs that come down in the winter."

"Do you remember the houses, Royal, along the road pretty well?" asked the Captain.

"Why, no, I don't; but about a third of 'em was little black story and a half houses, with gambrel roofs."

"Yes," said the Captain, "and them houses, in my opinion, saw the row that was going on the 19th of April, '75."

"What's a row?" asked our friend.

"Why, it's a kind of shindy," said the Captain.

"What's a shindy?"

"It's a disturbance, a tumult like, where there's more kicks than coppers. Why, Royal, you *have* got pooty green staying here so long, have n't you?"

"I've got tanned, I suppose," said Royal, innocently.

"Well, yes," said the Captain, "so you have—got tanned, that's it—yes;" and he resolved not to use any more words at present that were not in vogue in the primitive time of his youth. "Now," said the Captain, "suppose you should begin at the southeast corner of the burying-ground, pretty near opposite to Harvard."

"Well," said Royal, "first, there's Mr. Reemie, in a small, squarish sort of house; and then there's Captain Stimson (he takes care of the College wood-yard) in the old black-looking house with the gable end to the street [both these houses where the church of the First Parish now stands]; then there's the passage into the wood-yard [now carried through and made Church Street]; then there's the Den, and that's the first College house,—Wiswall's wife died there. Captain, do you believe that it was the Devil that scratched Mrs. Wiswall so?"

"Could n't say, Royal; it's jes like him if he got the chance."

"But on a Sunday!" said Royal.

"Why, you know that would n't be no objection to *him*, Royal; and then you know the folks was all gone to meeting. If she'd only had her Bible in her hand — they say *that* is a pertection; but I am afraid the poor woman did n't have much to do with the Good Book, but it don't concern us, Royal, so long as we go regular to meeting when we are ashore, and try to be good."

"*Good, serious* Christians, you mean, Captain," said Royal, who had been very piously brought up.

"Well, about the *serious*, Royal, I don't want folks to look *all* the time as if they was flying signals of distress. You know they thought hard of the captain of the schooner that hove out his signals of distress because he was short of beans, — there was n't sufficient cause, Royal. I don't want to have a feller look as if he had the colic because he is good. 'Oil to make his face to shine,' — you'll find that in Scripter. Now if it was blacking, a feller'd have some reason for keeping a serious look on. But look here, Royal,

you 'll never get down in town at this rate. What 's the next building to the Den ? "

" It 's the College engine house," said Royal. " I s'pose the College engine goes to fires now ? "

" It don 't go to any fires out of Cambridge," said the Captain, still evasively.

" Well, next to that," continued Royal, " is the passage-way that goes in to the College carpenter's shop, and then comes the second College house [Huntington's shop occupies a part of the ground] ; the Law School is there, and Professor Stearns's office. I suppose there must be as much as forty law students by this time."

" There 's as many as that," said the Captain.

" Then," resumed Royal, " from there to the Court House [Lyceum] is an open field."

" Now cross over to the corner," said the Captain.

" Oh, to Miss [Mrs.] Farwell's shop [corner of Brighton Street and Harvard Square]. What a business they do do there ; she 's worth as much as ten thousand dollars. Does Prudence Boardman tend there now ? She 's pooty, ain't she ?

She's just like those little handkerchiefs with a pink border that they sell there. The next building is Mr. Stacey Read's—he is the postmaster. I should be glad enough to pay a quarter of a dollar for a letter, if I had it, for the sake of going to the old post-office again."

"They *did* use to charge twenty-five cents for a letter from a distance, did n't they?" said the Captain.

"Why, don't they now?" said our friend in alarm, for the least idea of innovation on the status in quo was a pang to him.

"Oh, they make a little discount nowadays," said the Captain, and Royal resumed:—

"Next to the post-office comes the tavern, and it's a real dear place, is n't it? They charge six cents a glass, and it's only three at the stores; they keep soda, too, and that's six cents a glass. I never tasted any, but I have seen 'em in at the winder a drawin' of it. You've seen the soda fountain?"

"Yes," said the Captain.

"How I should like to go in there," said Royal,

"and see Captain Stedman and Royal Morse, and Morse that drives the stage, and Atwell, and Squire Wood, and all the rest of the printers that board there. I mean to go to Boston in the stage when I get home, if I have a quarter of a dollar to pay the fare. It's a good deal, but I want to go in the stage for once in my life, anyhow. Next to the tavern is Deacon Brown's old shop. How is the Deacon? but no matter now. Then cross over to the opposite corner [Little's Block]; Professor Hedge lives there,—or I *suppose* he does, don't he?"

"No," said the Captain, "he moved—some time ago. Now go down the street toward the river [Dunster Street], and let's see how well you remember."

"Well," said Royal, "past Professor Hedge's it's open to the street—that's old Mr. King's garden; *he* was at the storming of Stony Point. Next to his garden comes the old black house where he lives, with the roof running down near the ground on the back,—one of the real old houses. Jacob Watson lives there, too; is n't Catherine Watson

a real pooty girl? Then you go four or five rods, and you come to Dr. Tom Foster's house, with the end on the cross street [Mount Auburn Street]. I suppose he's got into a good deal of practice by this time, has n't he?"

"He has retired from business," said the Captain, not wishing to say that he was dead. "Now go across the street to the opposite corner."

"Oh, Dr. Gamage lives there. I suppose *he's* alive. He and his old yellow mare's about as tough as anything in Cambridge. What a pair they be. She is rhubarb color, and his old surtout is just the color of ipecac. Oh! don't he give a feller the stuff? Oh, Lor! his ipecac! it's just like letting a cat down into a feller's stomach and pulling her out by the tail. I do declare, Captain, fur off as I am, it gives me a sort of a twist inside when I think of it. Folks *say* you'd ought to take a 'metic at least once a year. I should have a lot to make up, should n't I, Captain?"

"Well, if you like it," said the Captain, "but the doctors don't keep their own stuff now. You'll have to go to an apothecary."

"Then you have got to go down to the Port to old Dr. Williams's shop!" said Royal.

"They don't take so much stuff nowadays," said the Captain, steady to his evasive policy.—"You remember the old Common?"

"Oh, don't I?" said our friend. "I laid awake a good deal last night, thinking about *that*, — and what else do you suppose?"

"Could n't say," said the Captain.

"Why, Commencement! I thought you'd know! I don't s'pose there's anything quite equal to Commencement."

"I suppose you remember all about it," said the Captain.

"Remember! I guess I do! First, you know, the Sunday *before* — after the sermon in the afternoon — the minister gives notice to carry home the psalm-books and cushions to such as have 'em, and most everybody takes something in their hands, and that kind of begins Commencement, though it *is* Sunday; and I think the old folks are about as much pleased as the young ones, though they don't show it so much. Then Monday (is n't it, Captain,

or is it Tuesday?) old Leonard Hunnewell marks out the places for the tents, just as solemn as if they was so many graves, and the boys always make it out that there's agoing to be more tents than ever there was before. Then Tuesday afternoon the jice [joists] and boards and old sails come, and they begin to build the tents, and they keep on working at 'em in the night ; and the boys when they go to bed know that the work is going on, and perhaps they wake up and hear 'em hammering, and go to sleep again and drear. of lots of tents. *Do you think we can get home in time for Commencement, Captain ?*"

" I am afraid not, Royal," said the Captain, " but you go ahead with your story. I rather like to think about Commencement, myself."

" Well, Captain, you know when it comes morning there's the tents, the most of 'em on the Common right in front of the colleges, and then there's one or two big ones out in the direction of the Episcopal Church, and one up at the corner on West Cambridge road [corner of North Avenue and Holmes Place]. The lowest down tents is

about opposite Massachusetts, and the furthest up comes pretty near the little three-cornered Common [Holmes Place]. Then from the tents down to the Court House [Lyceum] there's stands just outside the sidewalk, with candy and toys and every sort of thing. The children's thick enough down there. I've seen something there they called ice-cream — that come from Boston I suppose. It was dreadful dear. I never tasted any, but some that did said it was real good. Did you ever taste any, Captain?"

"Why, it is n't much in my line, Royal, but I have."

"Well," resumed Royal, "then the first thing you know there's the Light-horse comes with their trumpets,—they come with the governor,—and then about nine o'clock the great procession comes with music; the women has been crowding in to get seats in the meetinus beforehand, and when the procession comes into the meetinus it's just as full as it can hold, every corner of it. It's almost as good fun to be there as to be out on the Common. Then down in the market-place it's all

full of carts with watermelons and peaches, and lots er folks coming and going. Then at Captain Stimson's house [where the First Parish Church stands] they let rooms for the shows, and I see Punch and Judy there once, and it was the best thing that ever *I* did see. Well, Captain, you know they keep it up all day on the Common, and pretty well at night, and all the next day and night. Oh! there can't be anything like it anywhere, I do suppose. But look here, Captain! you'd like a fresh cocoa-nut I know. This here tree's come up and growed since I landed, and where on earth the seed come from I don't know."

The Captain was just hesitating between an immense cube of tobacco, his ordinary solace, and a minute bit of flag-root from the Jarvis meadow, which with true village patriotism he affirmed to be the best flag-root in the known world, and a sure preventive of colic in all latitudes. Before, therefore, he could accept or decline, our friend proceeded along the tall stem as if he were on a concrete sidewalk, detached a cocoa-nut such as enterprising boys occasionally dream of, descended

to a still considerable elevation, and threw himself off as if he had been a bag of old junk. The Captain was surprised.

"Is that the way you carry on here?" said he.  
"Hain't you hurt you?"

"Hurt me? No! Why?" said our friend innocently.

"Well, then you'll do to play base-ball, and all the rest of it that they do nowadays," said the Captain.

"Base-ball? Oh, I remember it; you have a little ball of yarn covered with soft leather, and you toss it to a feller that's about twelve foot off, and there's a feller right behind him to catch it if the 'ller misses it; and then there's a feller about five rods back of him to tend out. I remember it."

"Why, no," said the Captain, "that ain't it exactly. They have a ball as hard's a brickbat, and they throw it like chain lightning, and there's fellers tending out much as a mile off. Why, three out of five of all the young fellers nowadays has broken fingers more or less, and there's some mournin' worn, too, in base-ball localities. The

Lord forgive us ! I am afraid I 'm a stretching it a little, and I belong to the Bethel, too ; but there 's something in these low latitudes that makes a fellow go bye and large in his talk."

" What 's localities ? " said our friend.

" Why, it 's places ; they call places localities nowadays, and they call things local that 's in the localities. The last time I got my hair cut ashore, the barber (he was a purblind sort of a feller) thought he see a bald spot on my head, and he told me of it. I did n't say anything, but maybe I squirmed a little in the chair. ' Oh,' says he, ' Captain, it 's only a local baldness.' ' Well,' says I, ' if it 's only local, it may stay there for all me.' You see he wanted to sell me some of his stuff that 'll make a head of hair grow on the capstan."

" Do they have the base-ball in Cambridge now ? " inquired our friend.

" Have it ! yes, worse than most anywhere, and all the rest of the what-d' ye-call-'ems — the athletics. Why, when I was ashore this last time, I used nights to meet half a dozen young fellers in a string all running as if the devil was after 'em.

(There, now! I never used that word till I was ever so fur south of the Line,—there's something in these latitudes.) Well, when I first met these fellers I thought it was fire or burglary or something, and I set out to run too, but I couldn't do much in that line—your shore grub makes a feller too pussy for running.—But now, Royal, you spoke about the old meeting-house. I don't suppose you remember the inside of it very well?"

"Oh, don't I?" said Royal; "when we get home you just ask me to carry you to any of the pews where I know the folks. You know there's some of 'em comes from so fur up West Cambridge road I don't know 'em by name, though I do by sight. Why, I'll just start now at the door that looks down the street, Dunster Street. The first right-hand pew, if you go in straight from Dunster Street, is Mr. Mellen's,—him that used to be the minister at Barnstable. The next is the minister's pew, and then comes Judge Winthrop; he looks just the same, I guess, as he did at Bunker Hill,—cocked hat, knee-breeches, and silver buckles,—only he is pooty old now. Is he alive, Captain?"

"Well, Royal, he is n't able to go out at all now," said the Captain, he having died about the year 1822. "What's the next pew?"

"It's Mr. Jacob Wyeth's," said Royal. "He keeps the tavern at Fresh Pond. *Ain't* Fresh Pond the beautifullest place in the world, Captain?"

"It *is* about as pooty as anything I have seen in all my vyges," said the Captain.

"How the yellow chaises used to go up there," continued Royal, "half a dozen together—Sundays. I should a liked to have been in one of 'em, if it had n't been on a Sunday. It was n't our Cambridge folks that was a riding—*they* come, most *all* of 'em, to meetin' regular.—But I was at the meetinus. Well, you go to the other side of the door, and first there's Professor Hedge's pew, and next Professor Stearns's. *They* come to meetin' when it's College vacation. And then there's Mr. Stacey Read's. Don't you think I remember somethin' about it? Well then, the first pew right-hand, broad aisle,—*there's* the little old man in the snuff-colored coat; he's got a great clubbed cue that he might knock a feller down with if he could

hit him with it. The pews in the broad aisle is a little mixed up in my memory, that's a fact, Captain ; but there's Major Metcalf, his family,—(*he* sings in the choir, you know),—and Mrs. McKean, and Mr. Prentiss, and on the left hand there's the Miss Howes, and Mr. Jacob Bates, and Dr. Waterhouse ; he's the man that brought the vaccination in first,—he and President Jefferson writes letters to each other ; folks think he's a kind of Socinian. Then there's Captain Lee, and good old Deacon Walton in the deacon's pew at the end. He's alive, I hope."

"He was very low the last time I heard from him," said the Captain, determined not to own to any change in the town till he was ready, although the excellent deacon had been dead some fifty odd years.

"When I get home," said Royal, "I shall see all the folks together in the old meetinus ; at least, the families."

"Yes, the *families*," said the Captain. "You must expect *some* change."

"I don't know," said our friend, still tenacious of

the old situation,—“I don’t know, Captain. I have n’t seen much change here, though, to be sure, my little dog and Dr. Franklin and Miranda have died.” And here our friend drew from the pocket of the trousers that the Captain had given him a most extraordinary piece of manufacture.

“Why, Royal,” said the Captain, “what’s that?”

“It’s a hankerchif that I made out of cocoanut bark. I thought I’d have a hankchif if I *didn’t* have no trousers. I saved mine for Sundays, and outgrewed ‘em pooty soon,” said Royal, suppressing the rudimentary tears and smiling with innocent pride. “Don’t you think it’s rather pooty?”

“Why, ahem!—yes, Royal, very pooty, but I should advise you not to give way to your feelings very often, or you’ll rub your eyes out with it. But you never told me before about the dog and — what was it?—Dr. Franklin?—who in the world was he?”

“Oh, he was the pig,” said Royal, “and Miranda was the parrot. I called her after Miranda Gibson. I used to see *her* to meetin’, but I never spoke to

her." Here Royal colored, and in his embarrassment again produced the handkerchief.

"Look here, Royal," said the Captain, "I'll give you one of my bandannas if you want to use a swab so often. I got a case of 'em at Singapore in the year '28, when I was chief mate of the 'Flying Buffalo.' They've carried me through all my trials up to date. I've lost three wives, Royal," said the Captain, solemnly, "and every one of 'em just the best of women, and I've never used anything but these bandannas. There's no better material for affliction, and when you're off duty in that line, there's nothin' more—well, I won't say fashionable, but anyhow, respectable, than a *real* bandanna. But you was telling about the meetin'-house."

"Yes," said Royal; "ain't it a nice one, too? If the pews was all painted, and the men's and boys' gallery too [the popular designation of two long slips in the west gallery], it would be real handsome. Then there's such a high pulpit, and such a handsome sounding-board over it; and what a winder there is back of the pulpit! It's shaped like the gravestones in the buryin'-ground. I guess

there's as much as a hundred panes of glass in it, ain't there, Captain? How the winders on that side does rattle on a real windy winter's day! Sometimes you can't hear a word of what the minister says. Can't we get home to next Thanksgiving in the old meetinus, Captain?"

"I should like to do it if it's a possible thing," said the Captain.

"*Ain't* Thanksgiving a good time?" continued Royal. "They make the great stove in the broad aisle piping hot, you know, and you hear the water dripping from the funnels into the wooden boxes that's slung underneath, and the green baize inside doors keep flip-flopping with the folks coming in; a'most everybody comes to Thanksgiving, you know, and you seem to have the whole town together, just as if it was one family. A feller's feet get pretty cold, though, before the service is through, in spite of the great stove. Then, after the sermon, the deacons start to go round with the contribution boxes, and they strike up the anthem in the singers' gallery. How they do chase one another round like with their fudging, as they call

it. First, Mr. Nat Munroe and his trebles start off, and then Torry Hancock with his bass comes athundering after 'em, and then Squire Whipple and Major Metcalf, they come chasing after both of 'em, and some stop, and some go on, and they seem sort of distracted, like folks running to a fire that ain't in sight ; and then all of a sudden they start fair altogether, and the one that can sing loudest is the best feller, and all the time the ninepences and fo'pences and the quarters keep er clinking into the boxes, and once in a while there's a kind er lull,—that's when folks puts in bills. And when they come to the boys' gallery, you'd think they'd knock the bottom out of the boxes with their coppers. We *shall* get home in time for Thanksgiving, sha'n't we, Captain?"

"I hope so, Royal. Well, I guess we've got pooty well through our yarn about Cambridge. It's lucky we are by ourselves ; anybody else would think we was a couple of old fools in our dotage. How my wife would ha' laughed to hear us ! I have a fourth, Royal, that's well and strong, the best of women, and I *do* hope she'll prove

durable. I am plaguy fond of her, but I'd just as lives she'd be out of the way when I want to talk old times. And now, let's know how you got along here when you was first cast away on the reef."

"Well," said Royal, "I believe I was kind of wild at first, all alone there in the dark, and half drownded, and bruised, and waiting to hear if some of the rest did n't come ashore alive, — but there never did, not one. I hollered as loud as I could, but there was n't nobody ever answered. I said all my prayers, which was the Lord's Prayer and the morning and evening that's in the Assembly's Catechism. You know I was brought up real serious."

"Hold on, Royal!" cried the Captain, in a sort of subdued roar, producing a very large bandanna. "I don't know as I told you that I was sunstruck, or plaguy nigh it, off the Callipee Islands when I was a young man, and it's affected my eyes ; if I don't swab 'em once in a while, the water kind of irritates 'em."

"Well," resumed Royal, after a moment's pause,

"when I found in the morning that nobody come ashore, I guess I was sort of crazy, and strayed about for a while, and just laid down and slept when I was tired out. The first thing I seem to remember clear I was digging a sort of clams there is here, and crying and eating. I was n't but thirteen year old, you know. I sort er settled down after a while, and I made me a sort of bunk in the ground, and put in ferns and such stuff, and had some more to put over me when the nights was chilly, as they would be sometimes ; but it was a good while before I slep' real sound. I used to think as if I heard the drownded folks calling to me. Then again I would dream that it was artillery 'lection, and I heard the guns on Boston Common. That was the sea coming in heavy ; it was dreadful waking up from such dreams as that."

"I should think it must ha' been," said the Captain.

"Well," continued Royal, "one day I was going along the beach alooking out for a sail, and saying over a psalm that I had learned to home, and I heard a little whine, and of all things in the world,

there was the captain's little dog that I used to take care of aboard the ship, for I was the cabin boy. He was lying in the ferns, just as thin as he could be, and dreadful weak. I catched him up and run with him for my little bunk, where there was what little pervisions I had. I was so afraid he'd die, Captain! I don't believe there was ever a mother more afeard for an only child than I was for that dog. I said all my prayers, I believe. Well, he come round pooty slow; he could n't hardly eat at first, and did n't I nuss him! And that creter just as good as talked to me with his eyes, and I used to answer him out loud. We both of us knowed that we was pooty much all that was left to each other. When he got strong he used to go with me when I went my rounds along the beach on the lookout; and he used to look just as hard out to sea as I did. I used to tell him all about the folks at home, and how bad I felt, and he'd whine to let me know how bad he felt for *me*. I believe he felt worse for me than he did for himself, but then this was his third voyage to sea, and he'd forgot about home."

"Royal," said the Captain, "I got a kind of catarrh like, in the Jap-pan seas, that affects my head, and particklerly my eyes. There's no better thing, Royal, for weak eyes than a *real* bandanna."

"Well," continued Royal, "the next thing was,—one day I'd gone a good way along the shore with my dog, and the first thing, I heard a grunting in the bushes like, that you find here. I was afraid it was a wild hog, or some such wild creter; but the dog he wagged his tail and went in, and there did n't seem to be no trouble, and I follererd, and who should I see but Dr. Franklin, that I told you about,—the little pig, you know,—fat and comfortable? *He* found plenty to eat. We had him aboard our ship, the smartest, cunningest little feller, and looked so knowing that the captain he once called him Dr. Franklin, and so he got the name. They let him have the run of the deck most of the time, and he used to clatter about with his little hoofs just like a little boy in new boots. The dog was dancing about, and the pig was grunting his pleasantest, and I was more pleased than either of 'em. And so we all went home together.

I am afraid I'd indulged something of a repining spirit up to this time, Captain ; but now I felt it was my duty to give thanks for such blessings as was spared to me."

"I should think, Royal," said the Captain, "that you had more conveniences for a fast than a thanksgiving."

"Well," continued Royal, "one day I went a considerable way with my two friends, kind er lookin' out like all the time for a sail, and the fust thing, I heard somebody swearing. What a twist that did give me, Captain ! I jumped much as a rod, but I happened to look up, and there was our parrot that I took care of aboard ship. The sailors they'd taught her to swear, and I'd tried to break her of it ; but there she *was*, at it again. I was so glad to see her that I did n't hardly think of the sinfulness of her talk."

"Why, you can't blame a parrot for swearing a little under them circumstances," said the Captain. "She did n't know no better."

"No, I can't," said Royal ; "it come to her through the depravity of mankind, I know. Well, now I

had a sort er family, and I tried to make things as religious as I knew how. I got up a sort of family prayers, such as we used to have to home. The creters used to attend, and I trained 'em to behave pooty well in the main. I tried a little singing once,— one of the hymns that we used to sing Saturday nights to home,— but the dog he could n't stan' it, and he begun to whine, and that set the pig agoing, grunting, and Miranda kept saying, 'O Lor,' and I had to dismiss the meetin'. I hope it was n't wicked for me to try to conduct services."

"Wicked!" roared the Captain. "But I declare! there's my rheumatis' again, that I catched in the Arctic Ocean looking after sperm. It takes rheumatis' to make a feller's eyes water. I don't know where I should ha' been without my bandannas."

"I've always tried," said Royal, "to be as good as my depraved nater would allow, and I've prayed to be kept out of temptation."

"Why! I don't see what temptation you could have found *here*, Royal, unless it was to hang yourself, or jump overboard," said the Captain. "Did n't you never see a sail?"

"Yes, once," said Royal, "just the least bit of a white cloud,—*you* know, Captain."

"Yes, it was her r'yals," said the Captain. "How nigh did she come?"

"My heart beat so that I lost her, and when I got my sight she was gone."

"And you hain't had any book, nor nothing?"

"Yes, I had my Assembly's Catechism. I had that in my jacket when I was cast ashore. My mother told me to study it in my spare time. I don't s'pose there's many knows election and predestination and effectual callin' better than I do," he added, with innocent pride.

"That warn't very lively reading," said the Captain.

"Why, no," said Royal; "you could n't hardly expect it to be. But I had a newspaper—the Boston Centinel for July 3, 1820—that the captain give me, and that was in my jacket, too. I've read *that* for entertainment."

"Well now, Royal," said the Captain, "what's become of your poor friends?"

"They're dead, all of 'em," said Royal, in a most

desolate tone, and again produced the cocoa-fibre handkerchief.

"Here, Royal," said the Captain, "if you must swab, take my bandanny, and when you're done with it, give it to me again. I shall want to use it. I catched a violent cold some years ago going round the Horn,—ship half under water for forty-eight hours,—and the remains of that cold is lurking ever since."

The Captain, whose eyes had become a little red in the course of the narrative, wished to avoid all suspicion of being sentimental.

"Why, you see, Captain," resumed Royal, "the dog pined first; I guess he was pooty old. I did all I could for him, but he died. The rest of us went to his funeral, and I tell you it was a solemn time. Well, after the dog died the pig missed him dreadful (they was great friends); he went grunting about enough to break your heart. He eat pooty well, but his victuals did n't seem to do him no good, and pooty soon he died, and Miranda set on my shoulder at the funeral. *She* lived ever so long; but one evening in the twilight she just fell

forward, and hung there with her head down, — she was dead, but her claws kept hold of the perch. Then I was all alone agin. I did n't hardly know sometimes whether it was time or eternity that I was in. If it had n't been for my religion I don't know what I should a done. I hope you've got religion, Captain."

"I hope I've got my share of it," said the Captain. "You know in my calling I can't spread a great deal in a religious way. I have to make my religion pooty portable. I stow away the doctrine, but I try to have a little practice on hand all the time. If a feller 'll only be *pleasant*, he 'll help religion along considable, without knowing of it."

"But, Royal," said the Captain, "I've got to tell you now. I may as well, first as last. There's been terrible improvements made in Cambridge since you left in the year '20."

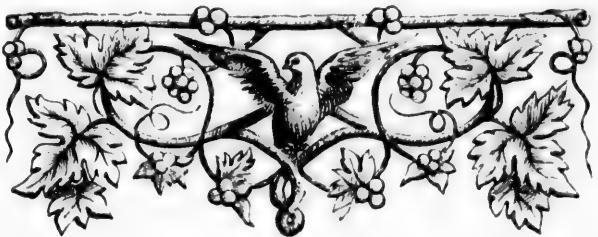
The Captain imparted to Royal by degrees, now and afterward, the afflictive substitutions of new for old that had taken place in buildings, public

and private, at the same time recounting the vacancies which time had made in the population. Consequently, in the brief interval before the ship's departure, Royal's face was frequently hidden in the large bandanna which the Captain had given him, according to his promise.

JOHN HOLMES.







## IL GENOVESE.

A BALLAD FROM THE ITALIAN.

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'T WAS the daughter of a merchant so rich,  
As pretty as pretty could be ;  
This was found out by a Genoese, which  
Marriage proposed, but she  
Was put under lock and key.

A garden the Genoese planted  
With every flower that blows ;  
All the girls picked whatever they wanted,  
But our fair one never a rose,  
Because her papa did n't choose.

The Genoese gave a great ball,  
With thirty-two musicians ;

Hundreds were there, but she not at all,  
In spite of the free admissions,  
Because of her parent's suspicions.

The Genoese gave a great feast,  
With dishes of silver and gold ;  
All the girls went, the biggest and least,  
(Save one) the young and the old :  
Papa was not thus to be sold.

The Genoese set the bells tolling about,  
In sign that his days were over :  
This poor little girl, she put her head out  
Of the window, in hope to discover  
Whether really it was for her lover.

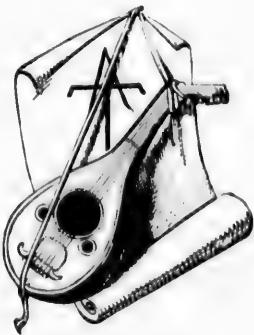
The good folks said, "Your hopes are wreckt,  
The days of your lover are sped,  
Go to church and show proper respect :"  
She went to her parents and said,  
"My first love, they tell me, is dead.

"Dear parents, my hopes are all wreckt,—  
He is dead that for me was sighing ;  
Let me go and show proper respect !"  
"Go," they cried, nor thought of denying,  
"But let us have no more crying."

The poor girl she went to the wake ;  
Her hands she kept in her muff,  
Her heart it was fit to break,  
Her bosom gave many a puff,—  
She thought he was dead, sure enough.

But when she came up the aisle,  
The Genoese no longer tarried ;  
“ Stop chanting, friars, priests, in that style !  
The jest need no further be carried ;  
We ’ll go to the high altar and be married.”

FRANCIS J. CHILD.







## FRENCH RADICAL ELOQUENCE.

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[The following extracts are taken, with only the slightest possible revision, from a traveller's diary. They have the inevitable defects belonging to that form of composition, and perhaps some of the freshness and directness which partially redeem those defects. I might have attempted to rewrite the narrative and make it a more symmetrical affair; but, after all, there is a great deal in what the poet Gray says, that "memory is ten times worse than a lead-pencil."]

PARIS, May 30, 1878.

I WAS just able to reach the *Folie* Theatre in time, where the Voltaire centenary celebration was to be held. As I drove up, the street was full of people, and the policeman at the door assured me that all the tickets were sold. Indeed, this had been already placarded. But when I told him I was an American, and had come from London on pur-

pose to attend the festival, he left his place to another, and hunted up a man who had a seat or two left and sold them on speculation. I got a double seat with a young Frenchman, who piloted me in,—and a hard piloting it was! The well-dressed crowd surged along, and the old women, who in French theatres find seats and take umbrellas, were at their wits' end.

It was one of the most interesting scenes I ever witnessed ; for I never was in a French public meeting or heard real French oratory before. I think it must, when at its best, surpass all others, such are the resources of the language, the power of expression in the race, and the degree of sympathy in the audience. Never at the most excited political meeting did I ever see anything like it ; and the fact that all applause was given with hands and voices, never with feet, indicated a far higher and more delicate appreciation. To begin with, it was perhaps the most intellectual-looking audience I ever saw. The platform was covered densely with men,—a singularly thoughtful and able body, such as one might expect the French

Assembly to be, and certainly superior to Parliament or Congress in looks. The audience was composed of men, nine out of ten, and the same look predominated. I could not see the upper gallery, but I saw none of the lower class except one blouse, and nobody in uniform. And such a talking as there was! It seemed as if they were quarrelling all over the house, merely with good-natured chatter. All were French around me, and I was so glad of this; my companion was from the provinces and knew nobody, but on the other side was a very handsome man, full of zeal, who helped me about various matters of information. When I asked him if Victor Hugo was on the platform, he said, "You would not ask that if you knew the shout that will rise from these galleries when he comes in." And applaud they did when a white head was seen advancing through the crowd on the platform, and the five galleries and parquet seemed to rock as he took his seat. Victor Hugo looks just like his pictures, except that his white beard, cropped short, is not so rough as some of them make him appear. He bowed

and sat in his place, the two other speakers on each side ; and the bust of the smiling Voltaire with a wreath of laurel and flowers rose above Hugo's head. It was a good bust and a pleasant smile, a rare thing in the pictures or busts of Voltaire.

The first speaker, M. Spuller, was a fine-looking man, large, fair, and rather English in appearance ; he spoke with one hand always on the table, but the amount of gesture he got out of the other hand was amazing. He spoke without notes, clearly and well, telling the plan of the celebration. Sentence after sentence was received with applause, and with "Oh-h-h" in a sort of long-drawn literary enjoyment, or with "Bravo" and "Admirable." But these were far greater with the second speaker, M. Emile Deschanel, well known in the Chamber of Deputies, and author of a book on Aristophanes. Yet he sat down to read his speech, — I found afterwards that it was only the numerous quotations he was reading, — but he gesticulated as if standing and with really quite as much effect. His speech was almost as much a tribute

to Victor Hugo as to Voltaire, often running parallels between them. He traced Voltaire's whole career, commenting on each part. One of the most skilful passages was on the most dangerous ground, Voltaire's outrageous poem on Joan of Arc. He claimed that Voltaire had at least put her before the world as the savior of France, and admitted that most of the book bore the marks of the period, was "*licencieux et coupable;*" but he retorted powerfully on the clerical party for their efforts to protest against Voltaire on her account. When he said with infinite contempt at last, "*Qui est-ce qui l'a brûlée?*" (Who was it who burned her?) he dismissed the clergy and the subject with an instantaneous wave of the hand that gave me the most vivid glimpse of the flashing power of the French language and French wit; it was swift and final as the gleam of Saladin's sabre. Then there was a perfect tempest of applause. He too was a large fine-looking man, of most intellectual bearing. There was no music in the intervals — though we should have had it in America — and Victor Hugo followed.

His speech was also written, but in an immense handwriting, on sheets twice as large as any foolscap I ever saw; and he read from these without glasses,—I think he is over eighty, but he hardly looks seventy,—and standing. The effect was thoroughly picturesque; he stood behind two great sconces holding six candles each; above these showed his strong white-bearded face and emphatic right arm, and above him rose Voltaire's forest of laurel and the smiling Voltaire himself. Hugo's manner was strong and commanding, and in impassioned moments he waved his arm above his head, the fingers apart and trembling with emotion, and sometimes clapped his hand to his head as if to tear out some of his white hairs; yet it hardly seemed extravagant, though it sounds so. I had lost hardly a point made by the other two speakers, but sometimes lost his from a thicker or defective utterance, and perceived that others did the same. But the delivery was really as remarkable as his literary style, and much like it,—a series of brilliant points, and applauded to the echo. It must be extraordinary to speak to an audience so

electric, men who give sighs of delight over a fine phrase, and "Ohs" of enthusiasm over great thoughts. Hugo's defence of the smile of Voltaire was singularly noble and powerful, though almost extreme, and his turning his eloquence in favor of peace was beautiful. How he denounced that "terrific International Exposition" called a field of battle, and praised the peaceful victories!

After the address the applause was greater than ever, and everybody on the platform seemed to rush at Victor Hugo. I never understood the scenes in the French Assembly before, and they do not now seem childish, but impassioned, as when Deschanel, during his own speech, once turned and took Hugo's hand and clapped him on the shoulder tenderly. The crowd got out more easily than I had thought; for I had said to my neighbor that there would be little chance for us in case of fire, and he shrugged his shoulders and said dramatically, "Adieu!" I drifted through a side entrance where Victor Hugo was just before me, and they could hardly get him into his carriage; all the windows opposite were full of people, and

off he drove amid shouts. I think there are few men living who could inspire so much feeling ; partly because few people are so demonstrative as the French. There was another much larger Voltaire celebration that same day at the "American Circus," but this was the occasion for eloquence. Now I know once for all what French eloquence and enthusiasm are, and am very glad. It was also Ascension Day that day, which of course gave the clergy a great chance ; and I met white-robed little girls now and then. One sees many shovellathed priests in the streets,— more than one saw six years ago, I should say ; and it is curious how the two sides hold their own, face to face, each side supplying a want of human nature, no doubt.

PARIS, July 14, 1878.

H. M. came in while we were at breakfast, and we went afterwards to Louis Blanc's *appartement* to get tickets for the Rousseau centenary, which is also a celebration of taking the Bastille. Committeemen were busy in his parlor with all the tremendous vivacity and action of Frenchmen.

I should think they would wear themselves out in youth, and yet the old Frenchmen are the finest I ever saw ; that is, they may not hold out quite so well physically as the English or Americans, but the educated men and public men have such fire in their eyes that it sets off the gray hair, as if passion and emotion did not exhaust themselves, but only went on accumulating strength. I am always struck with this fact. Little Louis Blanc came in and out in a dressing-gown, more quiet and equable than the rest. We got tickets for the evening banquet at three and a half francs, and cards for the afternoon free, with reserved seats. To prepare the way, I went to the most exclusive and aristocratic mass at the "Chapelle Expiatoire," but got there just at the end of mass. Later we went by omnibus to the "American Circus," at the square of the Chateau d'Eau. This was where the popular demonstration was held on the Voltaire day, but I did not see it, and now it was the scene of the only daylight demonstration. Crowds of people were pouring in, but we got good seats. Everybody seemed French ; we did not hear a

word of any other language, and we three were surrounded by the most enthusiastic French people, jumping up, sitting down, calling and beckoning, and talking loud. It is a vast place,—seats four thousand, and there must have been six thousand crowded in. The noise of that number was something deafening, and every one seemed to be looking for a friend or making signals to one. Most were well dressed, but there were a good many blouses and white caps. All was good-nature, except that sometimes a man would make himself obnoxious and be put out, under suspicion of being a Bonapartist sent there to make trouble. This happened twice; I saw one man dropped over the stairway gently but firmly, and his hat was carefully bumped on his head as he was handed along. There was not the slightest riot, however, or material for any; too much good-nature for that. Opposite the high *tribune* [speakers' stand] was a bust of Rousseau, white against a crimson velvet, five French flags above it, and wreaths of immortelles and violets below, with the inscription "*Consecra sa vie à la vérité!*" At the

side were panels emblazoned with the facts of his life. After a while, Louis Blanc came in with others, and there was hand-clapping, and "*Vive l'amnistie ! vive la République ! vive Louis Blanc !*" Then singers appeared,— there was a band before,— and instantly all said "*sh ! sh ! sh !*" and there was absolute silence for the *Marseillaise*.

Nothing of the kind in this world can be so fine as the way in which a radical French audience of six thousand receives that wonderful air. I observed that the chorus of young men who sang it never looked at the notes, and most had none, they knew it so well. While they sang, in the soft parts you could almost hear the proverbial pin, so hushed was the attention of that hitherto noisy multitude. Nobody joined in the chorus the first time; they only listened; but the instant the strain closed the applause broke in a crash like a storm, and the clapping of hands was like the taking flight of ten thousand doves all over the vast space. Behind those twinkling hands the dresses of ladies and the blue blouses of workmen seemed to be themselves twinkling with light: there was

no pounding or drumming, only hands clapped ; a roar of "*bis ! bis !*" (for *encore*) went up everywhere ; and after the second performance many voices swelled the chorus, and then the applause was redoubled, as if they had gathered new sympathy from one another ; and after that there was one absolute gush of renewed applause, and then perfect quiet as Louis Blanc began.

It all brought home to me that brief and magnificent passage in Erckmann-Chatrian's *Madame Thérèse*, — the finest description in recent literature, I think, — where the square of French soldiers is being crushed and broken in on every side, and the colonel on his horse in the middle takes off his chapeau and puts it on the end of his sword, and begins to chant a certain song. Instantly a new life runs through all the bleeding and desperate men ; one after another takes up the song, and the square gradually stretches itself outward again and resumes its original form, and they are saved. I could perfectly imagine that scene, after hearing the *Marseillaise*, which was, of course, the song in question. Afterwards there was another air of

the first Revolution, the *Chant du Départ*, played by the band and received almost as eagerly. It was very fine, but unfamiliar to me before, strange to say. There was also music by Rousseau, and I had no notion that it would be so good. It was finely sung by two vocalists from the Théâtre Lyrique ; and I was told that they risked their places at that theatre by singing in an assembly so radical.

The speaking was eloquent and impressive, by Louis Blanc, M. Marcou, and M. Hamel. All read their speeches, yet they so gesticulated with one hand that it did not seem like reading. The orators were not so distinguished as at the Voltaire celebration, except Louis Blanc, and the audience was far greater ; yet there was quite as close attention and almost as delicate appreciation. One thing struck me very much ; that when there was a long swell of a really fine sentence, if any one interrupted the flow by premature applause, there was almost an angry “*sh! sh!*” to repress it. Once when it was done my next neighbor said excitedly, “*C'est trop de précipitation;*” and soon the reserved applause broke with accumulated power, like the

breaking of a wave at last when the shore is reached. The utter stillness of a Parisian radical audience in hearing a favorite speaker is as wonderful as the storm of its applause at last, or as the vivacity let loose in the intervals of the meeting. The whole lasted from two to nearly six, and during the latter part of the time the disentangling power which one unconsciously uses in hearing foreign speech was so wearied in me that I could hardly comprehend a word, and it just flowed by me uncomprehended ; and it was much the same with my two young companions.

We were due at the evening banquet at half past seven, and lounged gradually along an interminable street, the Rue de Belleville, up a hill towards the outskirts of Paris. It was in a thoroughly French region, no more "English spoken" in the window, the streets full of cheery-looking people with an air of holiday, and not a few children, even babies tightly swathed. The banquet was at a sort of café in the Rue de Belleville, near the city barriers. Perhaps five hundred people were seated when we arrived ; but we found three seats,

and I fancy we were almost the only foreigners. There were about an equal number of men and women, all well dressed. Two gentlemanly men opposite took an interest in us, thought we were English, and were much pleased at our being Americans. One began the talk by asking if I was a Freemason, as most of the French radicals are, and seemed quite sorry I was not. They drank their claret to the "République Américaine," and when I said "Vive la République Française," one shook his head and said it was a very different thing. There was a surprisingly good banquet for seventy cents (American), but there were few waiters and the courses came very slowly; so that when we left at ten, they were only at chicken — after soup, fish, *entrées*, and *haricots*. Every now and then the band would peal out the *Marseillaise*, and all would join in with their mouths full, and pounding the tables. One of my young companions said that the brandishing of knives for this last process was the only thing in the day that could pass for a bloodthirsty effect. There was speaking, and some of it entirely without notes and

quite eloquent, chiefly about the Bastille ; and one speech by General Wimpffen was received with special enthusiasm. A lady also read some letters aloud from the platform, her appearance being quite a novelty in France, I think. One peculiarly French thing was, that there was a sort of disturbance, produced by a man who would not keep still during the speaking ; they all thought him a Bonapartist who had come in to make trouble, and were going to put him out, but he explained that he had not had anything to eat, that the waiters had passed him by ; and then all sympathy turned eagerly in his favor. He was fed at last, and all was peace.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.



EMILY ELIZABETH PARSONS.

DIED MAY 19, 1880.

—  
*Could no Apostle death forbid?  
Nor weeping widows stay?  
Good works and almsdeeds that she did,  
How powerless were they!  
Peace, peace, my heart! and grieve not, but rejoice  
That she, the faithful, resteth, till a Voice,  
More piercing sweet than Peter's, saith, "Arise!"  
And in the upper chamber of the skies  
Alive presents her,—In her soul the touch  
Of heaven's first ecstasy, His gracious "Inasmuch."*

ACTS : IX.  
ST : MATT : XXV : 40.

S. S. J.





## MY FIRST FRIEND IN CAMBRIDGE.

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MY feeble sense of locality had been upset, in leaving Bowdoin Square, by the fact that the horse-car started for Cambridge in quite a different direction from that in which it arrived ; and on the way out I questioned the conductor from time to time as to whether we had yet reached Harvard Square. He treated my ignorance with the contempt it merited, and he carried me a little beyond Harvard Square in punishment of my contumacious anxiety. But I was too glad at finding myself actually in the desired part of Cambridge to make him any reproaches, which indeed he did not stay for, but snapped his bell viciously and trundled away toward Mount Auburn or Porter's

Station as the case may have been, while I set out as best I could to find the Poet.

The Poet was then an editor, and he had printed some verses of mine, and had even written me a little note about them in his beautiful hand, which I kept in my desk (when I had become afraid that I should wear it out in my pocket), and went and looked at whenever I found it incredibly precious, in order to assure myself that it was really addressed to me, and that I was the person to whom it was addressed. It seemed to me that my great affection and gratitude to the Poet gave me the right, somehow, to go and see him, and I was at least going without any other right. I crossed the College grounds and then the Delta in which the Memorial Hall stands, and so reached the house where the Poet was living, and found that he was not at home.

I cannot now remember whether this was a disappointment or a relief, for after all I had been very much afraid to go; but, having screwed my courage to the point of going, I think I would rather have had it over with. I came out into the

street again quite bewildered, and not knowing which way to turn, when I met an old man, of civil condition, as the Italians would say, but who still impresses me after a lapse of twenty-one years with the sense of one who had retired from the active duties of some lowly walk of life, and was solely devoted to the performance of his own chores. I cannot account for this impression, and I do not understand why he should have known me for a stranger; perhaps I inquired the way back to Harvard Square. At any rate, he discovered my foreignness, and he asked me if I had ever seen Jared Sparks. "Because," he said, on my answering that I had not, "there he goes now;" and I turned about in time to miss the historic figure which had just vanished within the gate of what my informant said was the Sparks residence.

He seemed to think he owed me something in reparation for my loss, and he asked me now if I had seen the Washington Elm. When I replied no, he said, "Come along," and I came as if I had been one of the centurion's men. I wish that I could recall some impressions that the venerable

tree made upon me. I must have stood under it and looked up into it as I have often since sarcastically witnessed strangers doing ; but I recall nothing of its surroundings.

The Common was there, no doubt, as it used to be before the present monumental nightmare oppressed its laboring breast, and the Washington Elm had the company of the Whitefield Elm, now many years a sacrifice to the City Forester. This odd contradiction in terms had not yet attacked the former tree with such unsparing surgery, and its mutilated limbs did not show those bandages and poultices which now appeal to the spectator's tenderness. I stooped to pick up for a moment one of the twigs which strewed the ground, and the old man, moved by my piety, said he had a great many windfalls from the tree in his wood-shed ; and a second time he bade me come along. I have not now the least idea where the wood-shed could have been, or what manner of house it could have belonged to ; entering it in quality of guest, I probably did not think it fit to stare about me a great deal. I sat down on the wood-pile,

and my friend, taking one of his windfalls from a shelf, sawed off a block large enough to satisfy the most rapacious patriot.

I tried it, after due acknowledgment, in all my pockets, and found that it incommoded me least in the breast of my coat, where I could still feel its sharp corners. My zeal in the matter wrought upon my benefactor so that he would not separate from me. He gave me his company about the old town, then so much quainter and more homelike than now, and led me up and down its pleasant streets in pursuit of objects of interest. Where or when he left me, I cannot say; he departed out of my consciousness as mysteriously as he had entered it, and who or what he was, I have never since been able to learn.

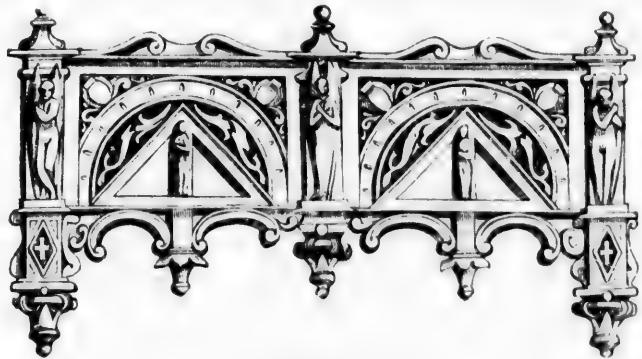
Years after, when I came to live in Cambridge, and to love the place with the affection almost of J. H. (who once in a burst of local feeling assured me that "Cambridge never allowed a man to keep a cold"), I wholly failed to identify my cicerone—if I may not call him host—of that first visit. Neither could I ever make out the woodshed in

which I had enjoyed his hospitality, and had been, as it were, taken to the bosom of his intimate life. He must have died long before ; at any rate, he was forever gone, and with him his woodshed and his windfalls. Some French-roofed wooden palace now doubtless rears its haughty front above the spot where this structure once extended its patriotic bounty to the wandering stranger.

Getting older, as we all are obliged to do with the passing years, I have often felt that if I could go back to certain places, I might find myself as young there as I used to be ; and I lament this vanished woodshed because I know of no magic even by which I could replace myself in the youth who sat there on the wood-pile. We are all gone,—the old man, the woodshed, and myself,—and one not more irretrievably than another.

W. D. HOWELLS.





## TABITHA.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, DEDICATED TO  
MISS EMILY E. PARSONS.

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### CANTO I.

THE ripples gently break on Jaffa's shore,  
    'Tis twilight on the western sea, no more  
Is heard the hum of toil,—a golden dim  
Just gilds the peaks of distant Gerizim ;  
Upon thy dwelling-tops soft fades the light ;  
The breeze is gentle, cool,—soon cometh night.

Thou art so hushed and still,  
    Canst thou expectant be  
Of the great miracle  
    Soon to be wrought in thee ;  
And dost thou listening wait,  
    With scarce permitted breath,

To hear his footsteps fall,

The Conqueror of death?

Look there, and in the deepening twilight see,

Along the path from Lydda, coming three.

And who are they that come at such a pace,

With girded loins as if to run a race?

'T is but a glance, the foremost one we know;

The fisherman Apostle all his actions show,

With just such eager step he walked the wave,

And faithless, sinking, called on Christ to save.

With just such hasty hand he drew his sword,

And smote the servant, to defend his Lord.

And so he hastened

On the resurrection morn,

When came the joyful news,

By loving Mary borne.

Not this the coward face which once denied

His master, while the scoffing priests deride.

His mien transformed betrays the rocklike soul

Of him who afterwards attained the goal

And prize of martyrdom; and humbly died

With downcast head, like Jesus crucified.

At last! at last he's come,— a mourning group

Of weeping women welcome him, some stoop

With age, and some are young ; but all lament  
And wail their bitter loss, for she had spent  
A life of sweetest charity, and now,  
With piteous pride, her finger-work they show.  
Who *was* she, in that upper chamber laid ;  
A staid and sober, wrinkled, crabbed maid ?  
Ah, no ! but one whom her own grief had taught  
To feel another's woe, and so she sought  
The sorrowing ones,—her busy fingers wrought  
On many a garment for the lowly poor  
Whom God has called his own with promise sure.

The door is shut,—alone, beside her bed  
He kneels, the man of God, with bowèd head ;  
In agonizing prayer he wrestles, till  
He feels a mighty faith his bosom fill,  
And *then* he calls, “O Tabitha, arise !”  
He takes her hand ; she openeth her eyes,  
And now she sits,—she stands,—O loving one,  
Receive thy dead alive, the wonder-work is done.  
And can it be that God will grant the life  
Of one we love to us ? Oh, blessed strife  
To strive with Heaven in time of our despair,  
And grasp by faith alone this blest reward of prayer !

Now, listener, did you never heed  
This precious thought, that truly we ne'er read  
In Holy Writ one word that proves her death,  
Into whose bosom came again the breath  
Of life ; whose chilling, faltering pulses stirred  
With living warmth at Simon Peter's word ?  
Ah no ! I've traced her footsteps down the path of time,  
Have caught the glimpses of her form in every clime,  
Where weeping woman's loving, pitying breast  
Receives and soothes the sorrowing ones to rest.

## CANTO VI.

O Church ! one of thy humble ones is gone ;  
Of a despisèd race, and one upon  
Whose ways was shed — hers was a toiling road —  
But scanty drops of what the world calls good.  
Unto her couch of pain, one weary morn  
Of care, when my desponding steps were borne,  
My dread of cureless pain, my cloud of gloom  
Dispersed, on entering her humble room, —  
Her glad old face with such delightful cheer  
Was lit, as to her couch my steps drew near.  
It needed not the garments on the broken chair  
To show *her* pitying footstep — Tabitha was *there*.

"They are all so good," she whispered, while a tear  
Upon her dusky cheek showed me how dear  
To her old heart the proof of Christian love,  
A foretaste of the sisterhood above.  
Not there alone ; I've met her oft again,  
In squalid rooms, where sickness, want, and pain  
Her gentle hand has nursed, relieved, and soothed,  
To lonely graves has many a pathway soothed ;  
And now I look to see her form appear  
Among your band, for Tabitha is here.

STEPHEN W. DRIVER.







## A STUDY IN THE HISTORY OF CAMBRIDGE.

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IT is the thoughtful remark of a writer in the Memorial History of Boston, that among the Massachusetts colonists "the religious and political elements are more marked in the views and purposes of the men from the eastern counties of England," while "the commercial element existed more visibly among the adventurers from the western counties of Dorset and Devon." The former were commonly known as "the Boston men," the latter as "the Dorchester men."

There are three men who stand out beyond others in our earliest annals: John Winthrop, who was born in the county of Suffolk, on the extreme eastern

coast of England ; Thomas Hooker, of Leicestershire, also in the east ; and yet more prominently, Thomas Shepard, of the adjoining county of Northampton. Between Suffolk and Northampton was Cambridge, where these three men were students. They were all, therefore, from that part of England which furnished the religious and political elements of the colonial life. Whatever importance we may give to this matter of locality, it is certain that in the men themselves these elements held the conspicuous and controlling place. Two of them were clergymen, and in that capacity became the leaders of their colonies. Our first governor would have been a clergyman, probably, had not the persuasions of his friends induced him to abandon the study of Divinity and adhere to the profession of the Law. He was a man of deep, spiritual thought. It was full of light and warmth. His "Religious Experiences," recorded by his own hand, have a charm in the reading which has reminded his biographer of Baxter and Bunyan. He was called into the counsels of the Massachusetts Company in England, whose "maine pillars," as

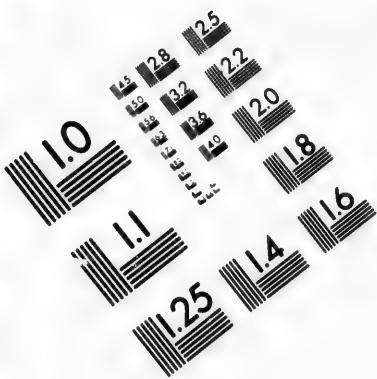
he describes them, were "gentlemen of high qualite and eminent parts, both for wisdom and Godlinesse," and who were "determined to sit still if I deserte them." It was then that the Patent and government were to be transferred to these shores, and colonization to become a larger fact. The times were moving, and these men were moving with them. Already, as early as 1622, royalty had given the name to the state rising out of the sea, when Prince Charles called it New England. They were to justify the name. Those were troublous times for such men. They looked away for security and honor and opportunity. On the 26th of August, 1629, at Cambridge, perhaps within the University which gave to New England so many "of her brightest luminaries and noblest benefactors," the agreement was signed by which Winthrop and eleven others bound themselves "to pass the seas (under God's protection), to inhabit and continue in New England." They made this engagement "having weighed the greatness of the work in regard of the consequence, God's glory, and the Church's good," — words which deserve to be

written at the corners of our streets. The same spirit pervades the nine reasons, which still remain in Winthrop's handwriting, encouraging the plantation.

It is true that these men had commercial relations among themselves and with others in England. This was necessary, and they dignified trade and commerce by bringing them into such connection. These were not altogether inhospitable shores. The fisheries along this coast were well known. They had drawn the ships of France and Holland, and they brought ships from the southern ports of Great Britain. The emblem of this bold and characteristic enterprise has long hung in state before our legislators. There were, also, indefinite opportunities to trade with the Indians, and to carry into the homes of England the furs of this remote wilderness.

Business of some kind, remunerated industry, the means of livelihood, must enter into the plan and being of a state. Not even for religious men, exiles for liberty, founders of states, was there such vitality in the air of these forests that they could

live without bread. Their faith was strong, but not so simple that they fancied the skies over the new world were dark with falling manna, and the gloomy rocks bursting with water-brooks. They belonged in civilized communities, and were familiar with the fact that in these stores and shops, fields and farms, money and merchandise, have their place as really as churches, schools, and homes. Their godliness was of that practical sort which includes prudence, economy, industry, enterprise, and holds the promise even of the life which now is. John Winthrop was over forty years old when he engaged to lead his company across the seas, and all his manliness was in all he did,— in his political arrangements, in his spiritual designs, in the last request for the prayers of those who remained in the old homestead when the *Arbella* sailed on her tedious voyage. It is a little thing, perhaps, but when these men held the first Court of Assistants on this side of the Atlantic, the first question proposed was, "how the ministers should be maintained." It was decided that this should be "at the common charge." Here was our beginning.





The East of England is in the East of New England.

Undoubtedly the amount of the religious element differed greatly among different colonists. In some it was a passion ; in others it was an influence which shaded away till it was lost in the commercial spirit and the love of adventure. But it is the summing up of the writer who has made our history his especial study, that "a deep religious design in the purpose of the leaders is the key to the enterprise." Very pleasantly the two essentials are set forth in these sentences written by John Winthrop in 1630. In one letter we read : "We here enjoy God and Jesus Christ. Is not this enough? What would we have more?" In another : "My dear wife, we are here in a paradise. Though we have not beef and mutton, etc., yet (God be praised) we want them not; our Indian corn answers for all. Yet here is fowl and fish in great plenty."

Within the colony let us find the town. Cambridge has its own history. It "did become the seat of government, and for aught which appears

to the contrary, it might have retained that distinction if the principal inhabitants had not removed." In the colony taxes for 1633, Boston and Cambridge were assessed in the same sum, £48, and Dorchester in £80. But in 1637 Boston paid £59 4s., and Cambridge but £29 12s. In the levy for the Pequot war in 1637, Boston was called upon for thirty-five men, and Cambridge for twelve. The settlement on the outer side of the river was outstripping this in wealth and population. Even a windmill which had been erected here was, in 1632, removed to Boston, "because where it first stood it would not grind but with a westerly wind." The mill was like the men, some may think, much set in its own way. But we ought to remember from what region the west winds blew.

The village here was to make its own peculiar renown. The true founder and father of our town was Thomas Shepard, whose name is preserved in several ways in the city, and whose story should be familiar to every boy. He was a man of marked character. The hour of his birth was prophetic, for he was born on "the Powder treason day, and

that very hour of the day wherin the Parliament should have bin blown up." His father thought that so wicked a thing would not be believed, and he fixed the sign of this incredulity upon his boy by naming him for the disciple who was the last to believe that his Lord had risen from the dead. Thus he began his life under a Puritan planet. The grim figures of Robert Catesby and Guy Fawkes stood by his cradle as he looked back to it from his manhood. The native dread of all which was even remotely associated with the Gunpowder Plot had a controlling influence on his life.

"Often do the spirits  
Of great events stride on before the events,  
And in to-day already walks to-morrow."

His training fostered his birthright, and gave him a rugged devotion to liberty and purity. He studied at Emmanuel College, at Cambridge, "the Puritan seed-plot." It was hard to find a place to work in when he was ready to exercise his gifts. Thomas Hooker thought it was "dangerous and uncomfortable for little birds to build under the nests of old ravens and kites." Shepard tried such

nest-building for a time. It was not without its comfort. One great gift came to him in Yorkshire, where he found, in the great house of Sir Richard Darley, the kinswoman of the Knight, Margaret Tauteville, who became Margaret Shepard. She seems to have been a woman of decided character, and was, perhaps, more daring than the man she had married. Among "the reasons which swayed me to come to N. E.," he writes, "my dear wife did much long to see me settled there in peace, and so put me on to it." Her name might very fittingly be given to the Hospital in whose interest these pages are written. So this "poor, weak, pale-complexioned man," as one described him afterwards, came with his friends and followers to the village here, which Thomas Hooker and his friends were about to desert, and a new church was organized, and Thomas Shepard began his ministry here of thirteen years, which he dignified with his "gracious," "sweet," "sweet-affecting," "heavenly," "heavenly-minded," "soul-ravishing," "soul-flourishing" preaching. His wife did not long enjoy the freedom of the new world, but she left a saintly

memory. He afterwards married the daughter of Thomas Hooker; and then another Margaret, who became the wife of his successor in the pastoral office.

It would be interesting to study the men who were here at the beginning with Shepard. There was Samuel Shepard, the minister's half-brother, who was afterwards much engaged in public and collegiate service. There was Roger Harlakenden, of Essex County, whose family had befriended Shepard in England, whom Winthrop describes as "a very godly man, and of good use both in commonwealth and in church." Besides other bequests, he left to the church twenty pounds, with which a cow was bought which has honorable mention in the old records, with the names of those who received her benefaction. There were Joseph Cook, who kept the ferry and was an honored citizen, and his brother George, captain of the first train-band in Cambridge, and later a colonel in Cromwell's army. In the same list we find Edmund Frost, reputed to be rich in faith, yet having trial of earthly poverty. He and Richard Champney were the

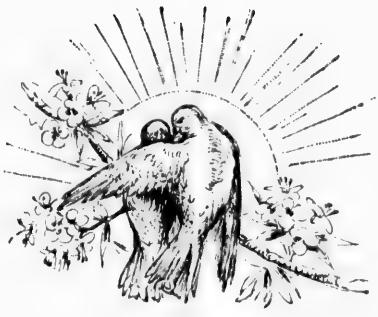
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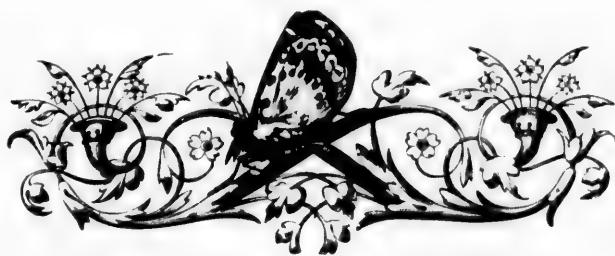
first ruling elders of the new church. And Thomas Marrett, who was probably the first man chosen deacon of the church, whose honored name still remains among us ; and Nicholas Danforth, Selectman and Representative, and the father of distinguished sons ; and Thomas Chesholme, deacon, and steward of the College. These and others of a kindred spirit joined themselves to those already here who did not choose to accompany Mr. Hooker to Hartford. Among these were John Bridge, one of those of whom Shepard says, "Some went before and writ to me of providing a place for a company of us ;" and Bartholomew Green and his son Samuel, the famous printer ; and John Masters, who, in 1631, was engaged upon a problem not yet solved, by which Newtown should be more favorably connected with the settlements beyond the river. But the catalogue must not be lengthened. These were religious men, to whom religion was a vital concern, who had exchanged the old country for the new for the sake of religion and its service. They and others like them gave the character to the community of which they were a part.

It may be helpful to see what books these men had. Some were men of substance and of culture. All of them felt the influence of the works which were affecting society. We stand in 1635. Our present English Bible was first printed in 1611. Shakespeare died in 1616, Bacon in 1626, and George Herbert in 1632. Near to such men our founders stood. They were able to make books. The published works of Thomas Shepard himself fill three ample volumes, and are still instructive reading. It is thought that during the first fifty years after the printing-press was set up here, more than three hundred separate publications were issued in Cambridge and Boston. Nearly two thirds of these were religious works in English, to which should be added religious tracts and books in the Indian tongue. The books did not add much to the world's literary wealth ; but of the men it has been forcibly said, that "their virility created not so much letters as empire ; it contributed to found a people rather than to stamp a literature." The "fruit was in character rather than in letters." The culture of the leaders of thought and action

here is suggested by the fact that nearly one hundred University men joined the new colony between 1630 and 1647. Of these, two thirds were from Cambridge. There they had been associated with scholars, some of whom were to be illustrious. Harvard, Shepard, Dunster, Norton, "had trodden the banks of the Cam with John Milton and Jeremy Taylor." If any other testimony were needed to the literary taste of the men who were here, it is found in their early provision for education, and in the setting up of a college in these fields, and enriching it out of their poverty. In all this, also, the religious element is prominent and effective. They used the word in a large sense, covering all duties. Not in all who were here was the moral force equally strong. In the leaders it was full of efficiency. Find the men where you will, busy in their daily work, engaged in their common worship, resting in the quiet of their homes, their spirit is not hard to discover, and when it is found, it is honorable, powerful, religious.

ALEXANDER MCKENZIE.





## THE WHIPPOORWILL.

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HIDDEN in twilight, far off in the woody fell,  
Waking the echoes from high rock and citadel,  
When the clear waters in moonlight are shimmering,  
When the soft banners of even are glimmering  
Round the horizon empurpled and vapory,  
From his high arbor of evergreen drapery,  
When the cool night-winds are fluttering wearily,  
Singing his hymn to the solitude cheerily,  
Hear the loud whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill,  
Whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill,  
Sylvian, lyrical, musical whippoorwill,  
Whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill.

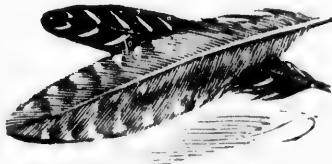
Lone serenader! awaking the stilly night ;  
From his green bowery hailing the lunar light,

When the dor-beetle is wandering airily,  
When the small owlet is foraging charily,  
Hosts of gay creatures in all the wide latitude,  
Quietly sleeping in silent beatitude ;  
Perched on his sylvan battlement all alone,  
Calling aloud in his musical monotone,  
Hear the lone whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill,  
Whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill,  
Eremite, isolate, wandering whippoorwill,  
Whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill.

Oft have I loitered at eve in the solitude,  
Tracing his haunts in the maples and hollywood,  
When the loud din of the forest was quieted,  
Merry birds sleeping where lately they rioted,  
Ominous silence pervading the wilderness,  
All the sweet solitude quiet and echoless ;  
Loitered alone in the mellow eve, pondering  
On the weird shadows that greeted my wandering ;  
Charmed by the whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoor-  
will,  
Whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill,  
Sorrowful, errant, melodious whippoorwill,  
Whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill.

Bird of the wilderness, dearer than Philomel !  
Echoes are telling thy notes from the hill and dell !  
Lovers and poets delighted are listening  
When the first star in the dewdrop is glistening ;  
Waiting the call of the eremite forester,  
Lonely, nocturnal, and sentinel chorister !  
Prophet of gladness, but never foreboding ill,  
Carolling cheerily from his green domicile,  
Uttering whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill,  
Whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill.  
Sibylline, tuneful, mysterious whippoorwill,  
Whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill.

WILSON FLAGG.







## TOPSY-TURVY.

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A ARON GOODHEWES was a plain, hard-working man, strong and steady, but poor. What he earned one day, he and his children ate the next. He lived from hand to mouth. If he managed by hard striving to lay by a little for a rainy day, the rainy day was sure to come. Work was scarce, provisions high, his family robust and active, and hungry as little bears. But Aaron Goodhewes had a happy, cheerful temper. As generous a heart beat in his bosom as if he had never known pinching care or want. If he had anything, he was ready to share with any poor mortal that came along. He cast his bread upon the waters, and received it threefold in love and

good-will, and not a man in the town would refuse him a helping hand if he were in need. But the times were growing harder. Wages, to be sure, had risen, but where was the work? Aaron's unselfish heart bled to see hearty men walking the streets and begging from door to door for jobs that no one seemed to give; to see them lounging around their fires, or wasting their money and time, ay, their very lives away, in drinking.

He thought it over and over, until, one night, he had a dream — a wonderful dream — that treasure lay buried far down under the busy streets. The dream was a reality in Aaron's simple mind, and thus he reasoned: "If the gold is found, surely some must fall into the waiting hands of these poor fellows; at all events, living will be easier." So he pondered, wondering daily how he, a poor, quiet man, should gain his object, having nothing to fall back upon but a vision of the night.

Now Topsy-turvy, the spirit of earthquakes and excavations, bank failures, and riots, and street-making, — of everything that turns a quiet community into a bustling one, — perceived what was

working in the heart of Aaron Goodhewes, and came speedily to his help. "I will put it into the heads of these good people," said he, "to renew their bridge, and you, Aaron Goodhewes, shall be head workman. Keep your eyes about you, and if you find not the treasure, we will take further measures."

So Topsy-turvy set the sober Cambridge people to tearing up their ancient bridge, the planks that had resounded for years to the merry tramp of their horses' feet; and the mighty stream of humanity, of omnibuses and carts and light vehicles, of foot-passengers and cows and dogs, was turned from its course, and poured through roundabout thoroughfares, until humanity became very cross and impatient, and wished the dear old bridge back again. The work went gayly on, however, and Topsy-turvy was in his element; destruction and ruin were triumphant. Gradually order began to come out of chaos, and at last the causeway, dusty and muddy, with noisy pavement, and city sidewalk, and complicated draw, was finished. But no treasure had appeared, and Aaron Goodhewes la-

mented loudly. "Hold!" exclaimed Topsy-turvy, "we have not finished yet."

Soon everybody began to say how dear and scarce oil was becoming, and oh, what wretched stuff! Nothing but smoke could come from it. The light by which our grandmothers knit and darned stockings was pronounced beneath contempt by their degenerate, embroidery-loving descendants. Delicate fingers shrank from contact with the hand-lamps, and delicate noses resented the odor that arose from heated, crusted wicks. Then came the wily spirit of disorder. Wagon-loads of iron tubes passed jangling through the streets. The pickaxe and spade buried themselves deep in the hardened soil. Men sank to their waists beneath the surface, and still they went digging deeper and deeper, as if they would come out at the antipodes. And, working with the foremost, active, eager, inspiring them all, was Aaron Goodhewes, unmindful of the busy street and curious passer-by, thinking only of the lost treasure. At night, pale lamps and barricades in the streets, frequent smashings, wheels and horses plunging into the deep ditch, bore wit-

ness to the universal rule of Topsy-turvy, until the pale beacons were changed for sparkling rows of light, as though the stars of heaven had fallen. But still no treasure !

"Surely this benighted people know not the blessing of pure water," said Topsy-turvy, "or they would have an aqueduct from yonder lovely pond." No sooner said than begun. A deeper, broader channel ran through all the streets. Wheels locked together in the narrow passages. Huge carts and omnibuses blocked the way. Laborers' heads, appearing now and then from subterranean caverns, looked with a strange stare at the tumult, like gnomes rising from their haunts to see what the matter was. And there was Aaron with his pick-axe, working with absorbing interest in the deepest, earthiest part, stopping neither to look to the right nor the left. The public declared these innovations "a perfect nuisance," growled audibly at this new outrage on their beautiful pond, and sent forth dark allusions to taxes, and threats of leaving, in a body, this region of new-fangled notions. Yet, strange to say, the general opinion seemed to be that this

very public was at the bottom of it, that it was all for the good of the public, and the public desired it of all things ; which was the more provoking. Still, nothing but layers of sand, and layers of gravel, and black earth, and light earth ! However interesting to geologists, they were not gold. And now for a last stroke, to undermine the whole road.

For a long time back, discontent had accompanied travellers into the clumsy omnibuses, and undisguised exultation had got out with them. Nothing could be more stupefying, more directly opposed to social conversation, more wearing to the nerves, the throats, and the bodies generally of passengers than these rackety, rickety, creaking, jarring, rumbling vehicles. When the boy, the only enlivening and entertaining part of the whole affair, was changed for a leather strap, patience could endure no longer. And when the horses were trained, apparently, to start just as the unlucky passenger was balancing on the lower step, preparing for a dainty, leisurely descent into the mud ; when the drivers became gruffy, and so

many incomprehensible "lines" started up, that people were as likely to find themselves landed in Charlestown as in Cambridge,— then Topsy-turvy seized his chance. He sent a whisper on the wind, which was caught up and repeated, until all Cambridge echoed with the shout, "Horse Railroad!"

Gangs of men appeared as if by magic. The streets were full,— crowded. Side by side, in rows of three, they worked, breaking the earth with huge mattocks, digging, scraping, rolling great stones, beating and pounding, laying solid beams this way and that, along and across, sawing and planing and hammering. Hoarse voices and a ceaseless clatter of axes and spades drowned all other noises. The air was redolent with tobacco. Laborers' coats hung on aristocratic fences. Laborers' dinners in tin pails were set inside of private yards. Stones and earth rolled over the narrow pathway from embankments cast up against the sidewalks. Great pools of water, settling behind these dykes, waited silently in dark places to entrap unwary mortals. Through all, the work went on steadily, rapidly; but no treasure turned up.

Aaron Goodhewes leaned on his spade when the other laborers, careless and merry, had gone from their work, and thus complained : "O faithless spirit ! Why have you deceived me ?" Then came Topsy-turvy, with his usual headlong speed. "Have you not found your treasure, ungrateful man ? And has it not gone where you most desired ? See your comrades filled and satisfied. Work has been abundant. No excuse for idleness ! No time to waste in drinking or begging ! No scarcity of wages ! They and you, Aaron Goodhewes, have found the treasure."

So saying, Topsy-turvy flew away to superintend the pitch pavement in the neighboring city, and rejoice his heart in the dire commotion.

MRS. EZRA ABBOTT.





## THE OLD NURSE.

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HER gentle spirit had no creed,  
She lived to succor souls in need ;  
Through her calm eyes religion shone,  
And lit the face she looked upon.

Where anguish ploughed up bosom-weeds,  
She scattered love's immortal seeds,  
Till sometimes, gray-haired, dying men  
Dreamt sunny childhood dawnd again.

Some thought a cheerless life she spent,  
And wondered at her sweet content ;  
But, by the solace round her thrown,  
We knew she did not walk alone.

FLETCHER BATES.





## HISTORIC HOSPITALITY.

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WHEN the Good Samaritan found the wounded man on the way to Jericho, he knew of no better place to take him than an inn, and if we are to judge by the representation of travellers, an inn in the Holy Land is not adapted to give comfort even to a well man, and we can only imagine the discomforts which would have been found there by one "half dead."

When the Good Bostonian finds in the streets a sufferer from any cause, he is able to select, from a variety of well-organized hospitals, the one which is best adapted to give not only comfort, but the most skilful surgical and medical attendance.

In the nineteen hundred years which have inter-

vened, a great change has come over the practice of hospitality in all of its different categories. From the days of Abraham to the time of the Good Samaritan, hospitality was personal, and the good man sat at his tent door ready to "entertain angels unawares," or slowly passed down the mountain road ready to take his neighbor by the hand and set him on his own beast, and pay his expenses at an inn.

The first hospitals (*hospitalia*) among the Romans were intended, not for invalids, but merely for the accommodation of guests. No obligation was more sacred among the Greeks and Romans than that of hospitality, which may be also considered one of the natural virtues of uncivilized people.

Hospitality among them was exercised everywhere and always, the guests at first being received into the immediate family of the host. At a later period the strangers were entertained in a separate part of the host's dwelling, the right of hospitality thereby losing something of its personal character. Still later, as the number of travellers and strangers became greater, caravansaries and establishments

for the organized care of wayfarers became a necessity.

In the early years of the Christian era, private charity was a sufficient provision for the needs of the poor and suffering; but by the fourth century a want was recognized for establishments in which strangers, travellers, invalids, and those suffering from accidents might receive protection and care. It is said that the world owes to Fabiola, a noble Roman matron, the foundation of the first hospital for the sick which corresponds to those of modern times. We are quite willing to believe that this tradition is true, as we meet to put our hands anew to the blessed work which owes its origin to one of the noble ladies of our own fair town.

From the days of Fabiola to the time of Emily Parsons, the impersonal character of hospitality has become more and more emphasized, as the world has grown into a broader charity which spreads its blessed mantle as wide as the wants and ills of the human race.

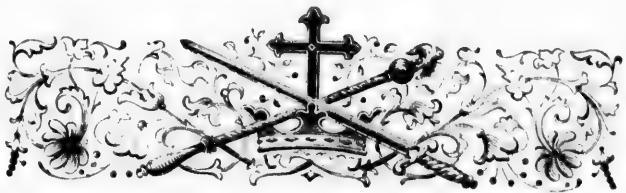
In our time the sufferer is not left to the chance ministrations of empiric practitioners, even though

of the warmest hearts, nor to the stray Samaritan ; but the highest science reaches down to the humblest child of sorrow, and cheers his hours of sadness by assuring him that all the wisdom and skill of the nineteenth century civilization is freely at his service.

“ The primal duties shine aloft, like stars ;  
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,  
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers.”

ARTHUR GILMAN.





## THE HERITAGE OF SUFFERERS.

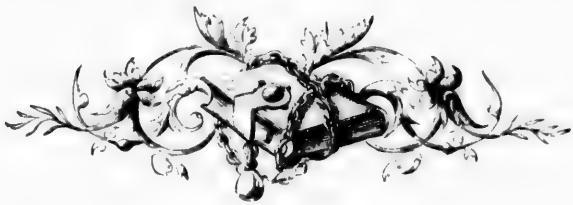
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IF ever song of poet or of saint  
Had office doubly blest;  
If ever proverb weighty, witty, quaint,  
Or humor's happy jest,  
Were for our help and cheer divinely meant,  
It is for those distrest;—  
Whom Heaven hath first the gift of suffering sent,  
Inherit all the best.

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.







## REX'S VACATION.

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[Part of this story has been printed before in a Fair book, and is repeated here in order to add the Conclusion inquired for by friendly readers.]

I WAS long the "Illustrious Lazy" of my class. I have been so hard driven since I resolved to make up for past idle years, and win a more honorable title, that I am wasted to a shadow, and fears are entertained that I shall wholly vanish into thin air. My physician talks of nervous prostration, and sends me to Ratborough, as the place of all others the most favorable for entire intellectual repose. I am living with my old aunt, Tabitha Flint, who was wont to rock and trot me, and wash my face in my helpless infancy, and can

hardly believe I have outgrown such endearing assiduities in the twenty-two years that have intervened.

There is another personage in the household who probably thinks that in the exuberant kindness of my aunt I have a full average of civility without the least interest on her part. But as I have not even a book allowed me to take up my thoughts, my curiosity fixes itself strangely on this silent, sulky, meditative little person, who takes about as much notice of me as of the figure of Father Time over the clock.

What can such a body have to think about the livelong day, that is so absorbing that all one's bright thoughts and one's most whimsical sallies pass without notice? Should I see her once move a muscle of her very plain, doggedly inexpressive, provokingly composed phiz, I should jump up and cry "Bo!" with surprise. She vanishes several hours at a time, and I hear her humming to herself in rooms I do not frequent. While I gnaw my nails and stretch and yawn, I hear that contented murmur, and now and then a light, rapid

step on the stairs, and I wonder how she can be so happy in this dull house alone.

There is a piano, but as silent as she is. I do not see her wince, though I drum upon the keys with the most ingenious discords, and sing false on purpose as loud as I can bellow. I will not ask her if she can play ; she can have no ear at all, or she would box mine in self-defence.

There is somebody, by name Flora, who is looked for daily by stage-coach. "Flory," says my aunt, "sings like a canary-bird, and plays a sight," and *at sight* too, it seems. This Miss Flora will be found to possess a tongue, I hope, and the disposition to give it exercise. I do not know certainly as Miss Etty — by the way, what is her real name ? I won't condescend to ask any question about her. But really, I wish I knew whether it is Mehitable ; perhaps Henrietta. No, no, that is too pretty a name ; I will call her *Little Ugly*.

Hark ! I have two or three times heard a very musical laugh in the direction of the kitchen. I will inquire into this gay outbreak in a land of

stupidity. Irish humor, probably, as I hear Norah laughing too, after her guttural fashion. As I popped my head into the kitchen, Little Ugly was just vanishing at the opposite door. I could not make Norah tell me what Miss Etty put under her arm, as she looked over her shoulder at me and darted out of sight. Oh, my noisy boots! I might as well wear a bell round my neck.

Stage-wheels are rattling up the road. Now they run upon the grass before the door. I rush in undignified haste to the window. Shall I—will I—go and help this long-expected Miss Flora to alight? No, for I see forty boxes on the coach-top. A very handsome girl, really! I will get out a blameless collar, if such there be. First impressions are important. I wish my hair was cut! "Yes, aunt, I hear," and shall presently arrive to make my bow to *Little Handsome*.

*Sept. 23d.*—Truly, the presence of Miss Flora Cooper makes the old farmhouse a new place. At least six hours are taken from the length of the days. Now am I relieved from that tedious companion, my own self. I never liked him very well;

he scolds me, just as a stay-at-home wife lectures a gay husband, who never returns to his better half when he finds anything to amuse him abroad. Good-by, old fellow ; I have found better company than your rememberings and hopings, to wit, Miss Flora Cooper, alias Little Handsome, alias Aunt Tabitha's canary.

The first day or two after her arrival, Miss Flora pouted at me. I was exceedingly well amused, making all the saucy speeches I could think of in pure mischief. Finding her displeasure was not producing any particular effect, I imagine the indignant beauty begins to plot a different revenge on me. Ha, ha! it is not because you like me better than you did, Miss Flora, that you are all smiles and grace and sunshine. I shall not flatter you the more, I am determined. I am on my guard. No, no, Little Handsome! I am no lady's man ; I was never flirted withal in my life. I defy your smiles as stoutly as your frowns. I like your pretty face, but you should not be so conscious of its beauty. I am tired of your pretty surprise, your playful upbraidings, and the raps of your fan.

I want more repose of manner, Little Handsome! What a contrast you and Miss Etty present! I am glad you have given up following her out of the room the moment we rise from table. You sit down to your tiny basket and demurely take out something that passes for work. I do not see you do much at it, however. I give you warning that I never hold skeins to be wound, not I! I will not read aloud, so you need not offer me "Sonnet to Flora" in manuscript, nor your pet poet in print. We will talk. It is a comfort to have my wit appreciated, after wasting so much on my aunt who cannot, and Miss Etty who will not, understand.

24<sup>th</sup>. — Charming little Canary! I have spent the forenoon with her at the piano. I like her playing when she does not attempt my favorite songs. It must be confessed she is apt to vary, and not for the better always. Her throat is a fine instrument; I shall teach her to use it with more expression and feeling. We will have another lesson to-morrow.

I thought, though, there was a shadow over her

face when I called it *practising*. Etty's eyes met mine at the moment,—a rare occurrence. What was her thought? One cannot read in her immovable face.

*Evening.*—I am booked for a horseback ride with Little Handsome to-morrow morning. How did she make me offer? I did not mean to. All country girls ride, I believe. I often see Miss Etty cantering through the shady lanes all by herself. I saw the bars down at the end of the track through the woods, one day. I immediately concluded that Little Ugly had paced off that way, that I need not see her from my window. I put the bars up again, and lay in wait behind the bushes. Soon I heard her approaching. I come forward as she comes near on that rat-like pony of hers, who holds his head down as if searching for something lost in the road. I stand in doubt whether to laugh at her predicament, or advance in a gentlemanly manner to remove the obstacle I had put in her way. When lo! the absurd little nag clears it at a bound, and skims away over the green track like a swallow, till he vanishes under

the leafy arch. I am left in a foolish attitude, with mouth and eyes wide open.

Now this independent young lady shall be at liberty to take care of herself, with no officious interference of mine; I will not invite her to join us to-morrow morning, as I intended. I wonder if any horses are to be procured that are not rats. I trust Miss Flora knows enough to mount her pony, for I am sure I shall not know how to help her. Whew! I hope we shall meet with no disasters! I feel certain Little Handsome would scream like a sea-gull, pull the wrong rein, tangle her foot in the stirrup or riding-skirt, faint, fall, break her neck—O horrors! Will not the dear old Aunt Tabitha forbid her going?

*25th.*—Rainy. Glad of it. Breakfast late. Miss Etty did not appear, having been up for hours, I imagine. What for, I wonder? One thing pleases me in her. If Aunt Tabitha wants any little attention,—a needle threaded, or a dropped stitch taken up,—Miss Etty quietly comes to her aid. It is so entirely a matter of course the old lady only smiles, but any service from Flora calls forth

an acknowledgment, it being a particular effort of good-nature, or the fruit of a direct appeal. Miss Etty talks more than she did, too. While I am talking nonsense with Little Handsome, I hear her amusing my good aunty, and I catch a few words, her utterance having a peculiar distinctness, and the lowest tones being fine and clear, like those of a good singer on a pianissimo strain. It is a peculiarly ladylike articulation. Was she born and bred in Ratborough, I wonder? She never speaks while we are singing. Does she like music, then? I asked her once; but what sort of answer is "Yes" to such a question? And that is all I elicited.

Music again, the forenoon occupation. Miss Flora does not like being criticised, I find. One must not presume to set her right in the smallest particular; it puts her in a pet. She laughed it off, but I saw the mounting color and the flashing glance. I think she need not take offence at what was intended as a friendly help. I am no flatterer, at least. Really, I am hurt that I might not take so trifling a liberty in behalf of my favorite song.

I'll walk off as often as she sings it. Can her temper be perfectly good? Must no improvement be ever suggested because it implies imperfection? I hope none of my friends will ever be on such terms with *me!* If I am touchy, like a nettle, may they grasp me hard, and fear me not.

26th.— This little sheet of water in front of the house has the greatest variety of aspects; its face is like a human face, full of varying expressions. A slight haze made it so beautiful just before sunset, I took my chair, and put it out of the window upon the grass, then followed it, and sat with it tipped back against the house, close by the window of one of those mysterious rooms in which Miss Etty immures herself. I heard the Canary say in a scolding tone, "I should think you might oblige me; it is such a trifle to do, it is not worth refusing. Why should you care for him?"

No answer, though I confess my ears were erected to the sharpest attitude of listening. I was wholly oblivious of *myself*, or I should have taken myself away as in honor bound.

"Won't you now, Etty? I'll only ask for one of our old duets — just one!"

"No, Flora," said Little Ugly, coldly enough.

"Why not?" No answer.

"To be sure, *he* might hear. He would find out that you are musical. What of that? Where is the use of being able to sing, to sing only when there is nobody to listen?"

"I sing only to friends. I cannot sing, I never have sung, to persons in whom I have no confidence."

"Afraid! what a little goose!"

"Not afraid, exactly."

"I don't comprehend, I am sure."

"I do not expect you should."

"I never did understand you."

"You never will." Silence again.

Flora tuned up, and of all tunes, she must needs hum *my* song. I was on my feet in a moment to depart, when I heard the clear tones of Etty's voice again, and stood still with one foot advanced.

"Flora, you should sharp that third note in the last line."

Flora murdered it again, with the most atrocious, cold-blooded cruelty. I almost mocked the sound aloud in my passion.

"I do not mean to vex you, only I saw that Mr. Ratcliffe —"

"You need not trouble yourself about *his* opinion."

"I knew you would not like it if I told you of a mistake. But I supposed you would rectify it, and I should have done you a service, even against your will."

"And I to hate you for it, eh?"

"If you can."

"Indeed I cannot, Etty, for you are my best friend. But you are a horrid, truth-telling, formidable body. Why not let me sing on my own way? I don't thank you a bit. I had rather sing it wrong than be corrected. It hurts my pride. I think people should take my music as they find it. One note wrong can surely be put up with if the rest is worth hearing. I shall continue to sing it as I have done, I think."

"No, please don't!"

"If I will mend it when I think of it, will you sing a duet?"

"Yes, though it will cost me more than you know."

"Poh!" And Flora sang the song without accompaniment. The desired sharp rang upon my ears, and set my nerves at rest.

"Bravo! encore!" I cried beneath the window, and was pelted with peach-stones. I wonder when this duet is to come off.

27th.—Am I trifling, or am I in earnest? Indeed I don't know. I am constantly at the side of Little Handsome without knowing how I came there. She makes me sing with her, ride with her, walk with her, at her will; and as if that was not enough for one day, to test her power over me, to-night she made me dance with her. And now I feel like a fool as I think of Etty playing a waltz for us, at Flora's request, and giving me a long, serious look as I approached the piano to compliment her playing. I could not utter a word. I answered her gaze with one as sober, and more sad, and came away to my room, to have some talk with my real self. Now for it!

Says I to Myself, "A truce to your upbraidings, you old scold ; tell me at once how you find yourself affected towards this charming little Flora."

Says Myself, "There are no tastes in common between her and me."

Says I, quickly, "Music!" and triumphed for a moment or two. But the snarling old fellow asked whether I liked her singing or her flattery? For his part, he thought we both liked to hear our own voices, and agreed in nothing else. Taste, indeed! when I would not let her sing a song I cared a fillip for ; and as to any love between us, I was not to be a fop; her bright glances said nothing that they had not said to the author of "Flora, oh, forget me not," and perhaps to a dozen more.

*27th.*—A dull day. "You are as sober as a judge," said Flora, at breakfast. I caught Etty's eye, but it said nothing. Flora has revenged herself on me as she meant to do. She has turned my head ; made me act like a simpleton. But "Richard's himself again," and wiser than he was.

*P. M.*—I endeavored to talk more with Miss Etty, that the change in my manner might be less

observed. She seemed to divine my object, and sustained the dialogue. I never knew her to do it before. It is not diffidence, it seems, that caused her reserve. Little Ugly and I actually exchanging ideas! I shall call her Little Ugly still, however, for I could not make her look at me as she spoke, nor answer my wit by a change of countenance.

28th.—Little Handsome cannot be convinced that the flirtation is over—absolutely at an end. She alternately rails at my capricious solemnity, and pretends to be grieved at it. I can see that nothing but the avoidance of a *tête-à-tête* is my safety.

The maples are turning red. The setting sun threw a glorious light through their tinted foliage, and the still bosom of the lake reflected it in a softened, changeable hue of crimson and silver. Flora was standing at the door. I somehow found myself there also, but I talked over my shoulder to Aunt Tabitha about potatoes.

"I have a fancy to walk round the pond," said Flora. After a pause she looked at me, as much

as to say, "Don't you see, you monster, it is too late for me to go alone?"

"Miss Flora, I will second your wish if you will drum up a third party," said I, point blank.

Flora blushed and pouted for a moment, then beckoned to Little Ugly, who disobligingly suggested that the grass would be wet. It so happened there was no dew, and Flora convinced her of the fact by running in the grass, and then presenting the sole of her shoe for her inspection. Miss Etty, her ill-chosen objection being vanquished, went for her bonnet, and we set forth, Flora's arm in mine as a matter of course, and Miss Etty's in hers, save where the exigencies of the woodland path gave her an excuse to drop behind. A little boat tied to a stump suggested to Flora a new whim. Instead of going round the pond, which I now began to like doing, I must weary myself with rowing her across. I was ready enough to do it, however, had not Miss Etty quietly observed that the pond was muddy, and the boat unseaworthy. Flora would not have yielded to twenty feet of water; but mud! She

sighed and resumed my arm. I, offering the other to Miss Etty in so determined a way that she could not waive accepting it, marched forward with spirits rising into high glee and loquacity. Presently, feeling a sudden irritation at the feather-like lightness with which Little Ugly's fingers just touched my elbow, I caught her hand and drew it through my arm, and when I relinquished it, pressed her arm to my side with mine, thinking she would snatch it away and walk alone in offended dignity. Whether she was too really dignified for that, or took my rebuke as it was intended, I know not; but she leaned on my arm with somewhat greater confidence during the remainder of our walk, and now and then even volunteered a remark. Before we finished the circumambulation of the pond, she had quite forgotten her sulky reserve, and talked with much earnestness and animation, Flora subsiding into a listener with a willing interest which raised her in my estimation.

And now that I am alone in my room, and journalizing, it behooves me to gather up and record

some of those words, precious from their rarity. Flora and I, in our merry nonsense, had a mock dispute, and referred the matter to Etty for arbitration.

Little Ugly was obliged to confess that she had not heard a word of the matter, her thoughts being elsewhere intently engaged.

"I must request you to excuse my inattention," she said, "and repeat what you were saying."

"The latter request I scorn to grant," said I, "and the former we will consider about when we have heard what thoughts have been preferred to our most edifying conversation."

"You *shall* tell us," said Flora. "Yes, or we'll go off and leave you to your meditations, here in the dark woods, with the owls and the bats, whom you probably prefer for company." Miss Etty condescended to confess that she should be frightened without my manful protection. Quite a triumph!

"I must thank you," she said, "for the novelty of an evening walk in the woods. I enjoy it, I confess, very highly. Look at those dark, mysterious

vistas, and those deepening shadows blending the bank with its mirror! How different from the trite daylight truth! It took strong hold of my imagination."

"Go on. And so you were thinking—"

"I was hardly doing so much as thinking. I was seeing it to remember."

"Etty draws like an artist," whispered Flora.

"I was taking a mental photograph of my companions by twilight, and of all the scene round, too, in the same gray tint, just to look at some ten or fifteen years hence, when —"

"Let us all three agree," said I, "to remember this evening on the 28th of September, 18—. I am sure I shall look back to it with pleasure."

"Oh, horrid!" shrieked Flora. "By that time you will be a shocking, middle-aged sort of person. Fifteen years! dismal thought! I shall have outlived everything I care about in life!" So moaned Little Handsome.

"But you may have found new sources of interest," said I, perhaps a little too tenderly; for I had some sympathy with her dread of that particular

phase of existence, middle-agedness. "Perhaps as mistress of a household —"

"Worse and worse!" screamed Flora. "A miserable comforter you are! As if it were not enough merely to grow old, but one must be a slave and a martyr, bound forever to one spot, and one perpetual companion —"

"Planning dinners every day for cooks hardly less ignorant than yourself," added I, laughing at her selfish horror of matronly bondage, yet provoked at it. "Miss Etty, would you, if you could, stand still instead of going forward?"

"My happiness is altogether different from Flora's," she replied, "though we were brought up side by side. What has taught me to be independent of the world and its notice, was my being continually compared with her, and told, with compassionate regret, that I had none of the qualifications which could give me success in general society."

"Which was a libel —" I began.

"Without the last syllable," said Flora.

"At any rate, I knew I was plain and shy, and

made friends slowly. So I chose such pleasures as should be under my own control, and could never fail me. They make my life so much happier than it was ten years ago, that I feel certain I shall have a wider and fuller enjoyment of the same ten years hence."

What they are, I partly guess, and partly drew from her in her uncommonly frank mood. I begin to perceive that I, as well as Flora, have been cherishing most mistaken and unsatisfactory aims. My surly old inner self has often hinted as much, but I would not hear him. Etty may have her mistaken views too, but she has set me thinking.

Etty, your voice is still with me, clear, sweet, and penetrating, as it was when you talked so eloquently to-night in our dreamy ramble. What if I had early adopted her idea that with every conscious power is bound up both the duty and the pleasure of developing it? Might I not now have reached higher ground, with health both of body and mind? Ambition is an unhealthy stimulus. A wretchedly uneasy guest, too, in the breast of an invalid. I would fain have a purer motive, which shall dismiss

or control it. But Etty — what are the uses to be made of her talents, while she lives thus withdrawn into a world of her own? Certainly, she is wrong. I shall convince her of it when our friendship, now fairly planted, I trust, shall have taken root.

*29th.* — Capricious are the ways of womankind! Little Ugly is more thoroughly undemonstrative than ever. I did but leave my old aunt to Flora on our way home from church, and step back to remark that the sermon was dull and the singing discordant. Miss Etty assented very coldly, and presently bolted into an old red house, and left me to go home by myself. When we started for church again, she was among the missing, and we found her in the pew on our arrival. Thus pointedly to avoid me! It might be accident, however, for she did not refuse to sing from the same hymn-book with me, and pointed to a verse on the other page, quaint, but excellent. After all, Watts *has* written the best hymns in the language.

*Evening.* — Without choice, I found myself walking round the pond again. It was as smooth as glass, and the leaves scarcely trembled on the trees

and bushes round it. And in my heart reigned a similar calm. A strange quiet has fallen on my usually restless and anxious mind. I think that in future I can be content not to look beyond the present duty, and leave results to follow as God wills. Let him set me high or low, whenever he has work for me to do, I will do my best.

I picked up in the path a little linen wristband, which I recognized. "She does not deserve to have it again, sulky Little Ugly!" said I. "I will put it in my pocket-book, and keep it as a remembrancer, for—I am glad to perceive—this is the very spot where we stood when we agreed to remember it and each other fifteen years hence. We will see what I shall be then, and I shall have some aid from this funny little talisman; it will speak to me quite as intelligibly and distinctly as its owner in a *silent* mood, at any rate."

Heigh-ho! How lonely I feel to-night! Every human soul is—must be—a hermit, yet there might be something nearer companionship than I have found for mine as yet.

*Sept. 30.* — A golden sunrise. How much one

loses under a false idea that it is a luxury to sleep in the morning! How often I "cut prayers" in my lazy Freshman year! Reclining under Farmer Puddingstone's elm, and looking upon the glassy pond in which the glowing sky mirrored itself, my soul was fired with poetic inspiration. On the blank page of a letter I wrote,—

How holy the calm, in the stillness of morn,

and threw down my paper, being suddenly quenched by self-ridicule, as I was debating whether to write "To Etty" over the top. Returning that way after a ramble, I found the following conclusion pinned to the tree by a jackknife :—

How holy the calm in the stillness of morn,  
When to call 'em to breakfast Josh toots on the horn ;  
The ducks gives a quack, and the caow gives a moo,  
And the children chimes in with their plaintive boo-hoo.

How holy the calm in the stillness of neune,  
When the pot is a singin' its silvery teune,—  
Its soft, woolly teune, jest like Aribi's Darter,  
While the teakettle plays up the simperny arter.

How holy the calm, in the stillness of night,  
When the moon, like a punkin, looks yaller and bright ;

While the aowls and the katydids, screeching like time,  
Jest brings me up close to the eend o' my rhyme.\*

And underneath was added, as if in scorn of my  
fruitless endeavor :—

"I wrote that one night off, as fast as you could  
shell corn.—SALOME PUDDINGSTONE."

I came home to find an earthen pitcher in my room, with dahlias surrounding a glorious sunflower. My aunt's doing ; and its homeliness pleases me as I love her homely sincerity of affection. Etty adorns the parlor with wild things,—the bear-bind, the ground-nut, so deliciously scented, the goldenrod, plumpy and graceful, etc., etc. I will get for her some of the clematis I saw this morning, more beautiful in its present state than when it was in flower. Etty loves wild-flowers because she is one herself, and prefers to hide in her native nook, where no eye (I might except my own) gives her more than a casual glance.

*Noon.*—“I shall think it quite uncivil of Little Ugly if she does not offer to arrange my share of

\* Written by Mrs. Charles Folsom.

the booty I am bringing," I said to myself as I entered the house by the kitchen way, and deposited my trailing treasures on Norah's table, by the side of a yellow squash.

"Do, Flora, go with me to Captain Black's," said Etty's voice at the side door. "The old folks have not seen you since your return."

"I can't!" said Flora, with a drawl.

"Be coaxable, for once!"

"It only makes me obstinate to coax. Why not go without me?"

"I am no novelty. Old people like attention from such as you, because—"

"Because it is unreasonable to expect it. It is dusty. My gown is long."

"The old man is failing. I went to sit with him yesterday, but found Salome there, so I went to church, after walking in the graveyard till the bell rang."

"Owl that you are! Your meditations must have been lively! Go; it's of no use waiting for me."

I laid a detaining hand on Etty's basket, as she

put herself in motion, on which she turned round with unfeigned astonishment. "May I not be a substitute for Flora?"

"It is quite unnecessary you should trouble yourself," said Etty, shyly. "It is not because I needed help I was urging Flora."

"Is it not the old red house with the roof sloping almost to the ground?" said I, "and shall I say you sent it? I shall go in, and be as agreeable as I can."

"Are you really in earnest?" asked Etty, looking in my face with a smile of wonder that made her radiantly beautiful. She turned away, blushing at my surprised and eager gaze, and joined me without a word of answer on my part. It was some time before I quite recovered from a strange flurry of spirits, which made my heart bump very much as it does when I hear unexpected good news. And then I dashed away upon the subject of old age, or anything that came uppermost, in hopes of drawing the soul-lighted eyes to mine again, with that transfiguring smile upon the lips. But I was like an unskilful magician; I had lost

the spell. In vain I said to myself, "I'll make her do it again!" Little Ugly would n't! She answered my incoherent sallies in her usual sedate manner, and I believe it was only in my fancy that her cheek dimpled a little when I was specially eloquent.

Introduced by Miss Etty, I was warmly welcomed. I am always affected by the sight of an aged woman who at all reminds me of the grandmother so indulgent to my prankful boyhood. The old man, too, interested me. He related his adventures at sea in a most unhackneyed style. I'll go and see them every day. One anecdote he told was good. "An old salt," he said — Bah! what was it? How very lovely Etty looked, sitting on a cricket at the old woman's feet, and, with a half-smile on her face, submitting her polished little head to be stroked by her trembling hands! This I saw out of the corner of my eye.

12 o'clock. — The night is beautiful, and it is a piece of self-denial to close the shutter, light my lamp, and write in my journal. Peace of mind came yesterday, positive happiness to-day, neither

of which I can analyze. I only know I have not been so thoroughly content since the acquisition of my first jackknife. I have conquered Etty's distrust ; she has actually promised me her friendship. I am rather surprised that I am so enchanted at this triumph over a prejudice. I am hugely delighted. Not because it is a triumph, however ; vanity has naught to do with it. It is a wortnier feeling, in which humility mingles with a more cordial self-respect than I have hitherto been conscious of.

How came it all about ? By what blessed sunbeams can the ice have been softened, till now, as I hope, it is broken up forever ? People under the same roof cannot long mistake each other, it seems, else Etty and I should never have become friends.

As we left the door of Captain Black's house, and turned into the field path to avoid the dust, Etty said, "I do not know whether you care much about it, but you have given pleasure to these good old people, who have but little variety in their daily routine, being poor and infirm and lonely. It is really a duty to cheer them up if we can."

I felt that it warmed my heart to have shared that duty with her, and I said so. I thought she looked doubtful and surprised. It was a good opening for egotism, and I improved it. I saw that she was no uninterested listener, but all along rather suspicious and incredulous, as if what I was claiming for myself was inconsistent with her previous notions of my disposition. I believe I had made some little impression Saturday night, but her old distrust had come back by Sunday morning. Now she was again shaken.

At last, looking up with the air of one who has taken a mighty resolve, she said, "I presume such a keen observer as yourself must have noticed that the most reserved people are, on some occasions, the most frank and direct. I am going to tell you that I feel some apology due to you, if my first impressions of your character are really incorrect. I am puzzled what to think."

"I am to suppose that your first impressions were not so favorable as those of Mrs. Black, whom I heard remark that I was an amiable youth, with an uncommonly pleasant smile."

"Just the opposite, in fact — pardon me! To my eye, you had a mocking, ironical cast of countenance. I felt sure at once you were the sort of person I never could make a friend of, and acquaintances I leave to Flora, who wants to know everybody. I thought the less I had to do with you the better."

I felt hurt, and almost insulted. I had not been mistaken; she had disliked me, and perhaps disliked me yet. "It was not that I stood in fear of your satire," she continued. "I am indifferent to ridicule and censure in general; no one but a friend has power to wound me."

A flattering emphasis, truly! I felt my temper stirred a little by Miss Etty's frankness. I was sulkily silent. She went on: "I had no claim to any forbearance, any consideration of any sort. I am perfectly resigned to being the theme of your wit in any circle, if you can find aught in *my* country-bred ways to amuse you."

Zounds! I *must* speak.

"My conduct to Flora must have confirmed the charming impression produced by my unlucky phiz,

I imagine. But don't bear malice against me in *her* behalf ; you must have seen she was perfectly able to revenge herself."

Etty's light-hearted laugh rang out, and reminded me of my once baffled curiosity when it reached my ear from Norah's domain. But though this unsuppressed mirth of hers revealed the prettiest row of teeth in the world, and made the whole face decidedly beautiful, somehow or other it gave me no pleasure, but rather a feeling of depression. My joining in it was pure pretence. Presently the brightness faded, and I found myself gazing at the cold countenance of Little Ugly again.

"No, I did not refer to Flora," said she. "As you say, she can avenge her own quarrel, and we both were quite as ready to laugh at you as you could be to laugh at us, I assure you."

"No doubt of it," said I, with some pique.

"But what I can't forgive you, cannot think of with any toleration, is—"

"What ?" cried I, astonished.

"A man of any right feeling at all could not make game of an aged woman — his own relative —

at the same time that he was receiving her hearty and affectionate hospitality."

"Neither have I done so," cried I, in a towering passion. "You do me great wrong in accusing me of it. I would knock any man down who should treat my aunt with any disrespect. And if I have sometimes allowed Flora to do it unrebuked, you well know that she might once have pulled my hair or cuffed my ears, and I should have thought it a becoming thing for a young lady to do. I respond to my aunt's love for me with sincere gratitude, and the sister of my grandmother shall never want any attention that an own grandson could render, while I live. I shall find it hard to forgive you this accusation, Miss Etty," I said, haughtily, and shut my mouth as if I would never speak to her again.

She made no answer, but looked up into my face with one of those wondrous smiles. It went as straight to my heart as a pistol bullet could do, my high indignation proving no defence against it. I was instantly vanquished, and as I heartily shook the hand she held out to me, I was just able to

refrain from pressing it to my lips, which, now I think of it, would have been an absurd thing for me to do. I wonder what could have made me think of doing it !

*After Dinner.*—I hear Flora's musical laugh in the mysterious boudoir, and a low, congratulatory little murmur of good humor on Etty's part. I believe she is afraid to laugh loud, lest I should hear her do it and rush to the spot. The door is ajar ; I'll storm the castle.

Flora admitted me with a shout of welcome the instant I tapped. Etty pushed a rocking-chair towards me, but said nothing. The little room was almost lined with books. Drawings, paintings, shells, corals, and in a sunny window, plants, met my exploring gaze.

" This is the pleasantest nook in the house. It is a shame you have not been let in before," said Flora, zealously. " You shall see Etty's drawings."

Neither of us opened the portfolio she seized, however, but watched Etty's eyes. They were cast down with a diffident blush which gave me pain ; I was indeed an intruder. She gave us the

permission we waited for, however. There were many good copies of lessons; those I did not dwell upon. But the sketches, spirited though imperfect, I studied as if they had been those of an Allston. Etty was evidently in a fidget at this preference for the smallest line of original talent over the corrected performances that are like those of every one else. I drew out a full-length figure done in black chalk on brown paper. It chained Flora's wandering attention as quite new. It was a young man with his chair tipped back; his feet rested on a table, with a slipper perched on each toe. His hands were clasped on the back of his head. The face — really, I was angry at the diabolical expression given it by eyes looking askance, and lips pressed into an arch by a contemptuous smile. It was a corner of this very brown sheet that I saw under her arm when she vanished from the kitchen as I entered; the vociferous mirth that attracted me was at my expense. Before Flora could recognize my portrait, Little Ugly pounced upon it; it fell in a crumpled lump into the bright little wood fire, and ceased to exist.

"I had totally forgotten it," she said, with a blush that avenged my wounded self-love. Ironical pleasure at having been the subject of her pencil I could not indulge myself in expressing, as I did not care to enlighten Little Handsome. Any lurking pique was banished when Etty showed me, with a smile, the twilight view by the pond.

"Do you draw?" she asked, and Flora cried,—

"He makes caricatures of his friends with pen and ink; let him deny it if he can."

I was silent.

Flora and I had just returned from a walk around the pond, and were chatting with Etty at the door about the fun we hoped to have at Farmer Puddingstone's husking, when, as I was enlarging on the romantic and picturesque element I hoped to find at the rustic festival, who should appear but a friend of mine from Cambridge, that ubiquitous S—, bringing messages for me from the P. & S. Club, and he was invited by Etty to go with us. He is one of those sunny, genial fellows one envies as being everywhere welcome.

Oct. 30.—I hope my dear friend of the P. & S. will not be too late for the train ; it would be *such* an inconvenience for him ! Hark ! the whistle ! Can he have got there ? Flora will not miss him ; she prefers Dr. Saireen's wise conversation. He as well as I had to give place to a jovial young Divinity student, who knew the way to make Etty talk. I should not wonder if he should write to her ; he is to lend her some books, I hear.

At breakfast Flora said, " You were out of humor last night, because you were laughed at when you slipped down in the dance on the slippery barn floor."

" No such thing !" I said, starting and spilling my coffee.

" Never tell fibs !" insisted Miss Impertinence holding up her finger.

I was disdainfully silent. Etty laughed till her very temples reddened. A man who could not put up with a trifle like that should be sent home to his mother, if he was so fortunate as to have one.

With a half-roguish gravity, Etty asked me if I

was cross the night before because *she* had displeased me. Flora lifted her eyebrows, and Aunt Tabitha opened her eyes wide. I quitted the table, after muttering an insincere disclaimer. Mischievous as monkeys are girls, without exception. But Little Ugly does not get off so!

No, indeed! I met her in a narrow entry with a brush in one hand and a dustpan in the other, and barred her way, saying, "A word with you, if you please."

"Well?" said she, coldly, the color mounting to her forehead.

"You were shrewd enough to perceive that I was vexed to see you so chatty with a total stranger, when to me, who have been at the same board with you these six weeks past—"

"You know *you* neglected him," she said, stepping back somewhat haughtily; "but your neglect of your visitor was my gain. I liked your friend very much indeed."

"I thought so; no one could doubt it," said bitterly.

"One is not *afraid* of him. One sees in his face his goodness of heart." Then she tried to escape, and signally failed.

"Etty, I do not believe you are afraid of me," I said. "I should be both flattered and mortified if I did."

"I do not stand in awe of your intellect, nor of your superior knowledge, nor am I daunted by your frowns, not a whit!" And then she began to laugh, and begged to be allowed to sweep her carpet. Flora's voice was heard approaching, reading aloud Salome's doggerel verses about the husking.

"Miss Ethelind  
She 's my best frind,  
A fixing the posies,  
A counting the noses,  
And settin' all straight,  
Cup, platter, and plate ;  
Trippin' round light,  
Like fairies at night,  
While I 'mongst the kittles  
Am fixing the vittles," etc., etc.

"Oh, did you see the china punch-bowl heaped

with baked beans, the pork brooding on top? Were you not tickled to see the loaf of brown-bread dressed with flowers?" said Flora.

"*Ethelind?* I have always thought her name was Mehitable," I said; and a merry clang of the dustpan and brush made answer in the distance.

I seem bewitched to ruin myself with Etty; and my desire to be esteemed by her increases as my hopes diminish. Jealousy and ill-temper? Yes; and how do they look through the green spectacles of an original prejudice?

Aunt Tabitha sends a small cherub to call me to tea. He spansks my door with his fat hand. "Come in, you pretty little dog! Who are you? Little boys should speak when spoken to. Have you swallowed your tongue? and do you put your finger in your mouth in search of it? Here, jump upon my knee! Up! you almost went over my head! Not a word? Put your hand in my pocket. Penknife, pencil, toothpick, a bright half-dime,—speak and you shall have it. What is your name?

— Adolphuth Thaireen.— Oh, all powerful lucre! it makes the dumb speak.— Ith Mith Flint you' gramma? — The only *gramma* I have is the Latin grammar.— Come, leth go thee Etty, I love Etty. Don't you? — Rather a close question, young man, ha, ha! I cannot answer it at present, at least till I am better appreciated myself. Roost on my shoulder. Hold on! Not by my hair, though. Here we go. Don't bump your head, or if you do, don't bawl, there's a hero!"

Etty's smile greeted us; did it belong only to the cherub? The young rascal refused to come down from his perch, and made me his steed all about the house. I threw him at last, and he fell into the lap of Flora. She was in a fidget lest he should tumble her dress, I saw; but she kissed him, her eye wandering the while to the inattentive papa, who was lecturing on spectacles. The urchin, indifferent to her caresses, ran to slide his small fist into Etty's hand. Aunt Tabitha winked at me. I stared as if I did not take her meaning. If the young person elects to become a stepmother I would not wish to interfere. Really I do not see

much danger of it as long as he talks of *cornea* and *sclerotica* with her dovelike eyes fixed upon his face. Dovelike! pshaw! A complimentary adjective truly; doves happen to have red eyes, so far as I know.

What induces a man of Dr. Saireen's eminence to choose Ratborough for his residence? His haughty mother regrets Boston. Sentimental attachment to the house he went to live in with his first spouse? Charming place! depot on one side, nail-factory behind, and —

What *can* Etty be writing so much? Does she send contributions to the P. & S., I wonder? I'll ask my late visitor about the translation from Ovid in the last number of the Letter-clip. I have no means of judging whether she could have done the graceful thing; but she certainly wrote to him, to thank him for the books perhaps.

I would give all my morning naps and my nodings after dinner or in the pew at church, to know whether I really did see tears in Etty's eyes just now when I obstructed her escape from the room. Aunt Tabitha had told Flora not to set her cap at

the widower; she might beat the bush, but Etty would catch the bird. Flora pouted; I doggedly stood in the doorway till Etty's color rose, and then I sprang aside with an affected apology.

Almost November, is it? I am tired of biting my nails in indolence. I had rather work myself into a brain fever. Little Handsome beckons me out for a walk. At the path round the pond I turned in.

"I hate walking among fallen leaves," objected Flora.

"Let us call on the Blacks."

"Certainly not; I carried a jelly there not a week ago."

Next I came to a cart-track over a hill. "No leaves here, and a view of the pond to be had."

"I see the pond enough at home," said Flora.

A drove of cattle came at us, lowing and kicking up a dust. "Let us turn into the field," said I, taking a bar down.

"Pshaw! who's afraid?" said my fair companion, running up the steps of a house, however.

We came to the car station. "Do you expect any one, that you take so disagreeable a direction for your promenade?" said I.

"No; I like to see cars come in."

Coming to Dr. Saireen's office, Flora peeped in at the window. "I guess they are at tea," she remarked. But no; the Doctor emerged with his boy and joined us. I resorted to the post-office, and went home laughing, yet provoked.

*Nov. 1st.*—If I have the blues, I am not alone in the mood. Etty has not smiled to-day. For my part, I rather enjoy being miserable. I have a relish for wretchedness. I hug my blue devils. What truly torments me is curiosity. Could I stoop to interrogate Flora? Better go directly to Ethelind, and ask what preys on her mind. I could not pry into her thoughts in any underhand way, even to know whether I could be useful.

*2d.* — I should certainly suppose there were half a dozen Dr. Saireens. I never look up but he is coming in at the gate or going out of it. There was smirking at breakfast over some nice white honeycomb; I conclude he sent it to *my*

*aunt.* The tables groan under the weight of books with his name stamped on the fly-leaf. He politely offered me the use of a saddle-horse, which I as urbanely refused. Flora goes to ride with him ; never Etty. I wonder why ?

*P. M.* — Dr. Saireen has been here in Etty's boudoir the livelong afternoon. His horse is stamping at the gate. Hollo ! the kicking beast forgot to leave himself a leg to stand upon, and he is down. Shall I go and help the old gentleman to get him up ?

Really, he looked at me as if I had come to knock the beast on the head. I helped him, however, in a gentlemanly manner ; and he snatched the rein from my hand, and leaped into the chaise without a word. He did vouchsafe a cold bow in departing. It was provoking, no doubt, to have an interesting conversation (as I conclude from its length it must have been) cut short.

I have been to meet Flora on her return from the village fair. She is very certain, she says, that the Doctor and Etty are going to be engaged. It must be so. She has no *positive* knowledge ; Etty

will only allow that the boy is to be left in her charge while the father goes abroad, intending to examine a new disease of the eyes that has appeared somewhere. She says Etty went to St. Augustine with his wife, who died on the way home, bequeathing to her friend her husband and child. An odd legacy! And it seems it has taken Etty three years to make up her mind to accept it.

12<sup>th</sup>.—I ought to return to college; but I cannot rouse any interest in my future career. Life is a wearisome job. I intend to be a useful man, however. That is all that is left for me.

15<sup>th</sup>.—Etty has recovered her cheerfulness surprisingly. I hear the usual undertoned music as she sits at her work; the light beat of her foot on the stairs has a playful sound, and just now I saw her dance on the landing-place as she turned round the banister. I try to rejoice that her spirits are so exuberant. May she be happy!

20<sup>th</sup>.—I went to bid good-by to my good old Blacks, and get a peep at their wood-pile, fearing they were not well provided for the winter. With what disgust I endured their raptures upon Etty's

prospects! Etty rejects congratulations, but gives no definite denial of an engagement. Aunty tells people who come on pumping errands "not to *consarn* themselves. At present 't an't nobody's business, and that's enough for curiosity." Flora is gone to Boston. I am glad not to hear her prate about it.

22d.—Etty is not afraid of me now. She is ready for conversation, but, oddly enough, will not speak first. I do not trouble her much. I am not inspired with the desire to be agreeable, looking upon her as the future Mrs. Saireen. Bah! it changes my whole idea of her character and feelings. But let me be reasonable.

I shall lend five dollars to the poor Irish cobbler to buy leather. A loan is a gift in such cases, but less humbling. His little Kathleen comes to Etty every day to be taught to sew. At ten years old, her father's only housekeeper; the look of premature care on the child-face is unpleasant. I hear her voice in Etty's room; I will push open the door by and by, and ask for a book.

• • • • •

"Is this pencil mark in the margin a token of approbation?" I inquired, taking up a red-edged volume.

"Not at all. It is a passage that proved too hard even for my intrepid guessing. Comfort me by agreeing that nobody could turn that paragraph into English sense."

I took the dictionary and Etty a pencil, but Kathleen had her share of attention.

"Thank you, that seems clearer; I have it written.—Katty, don't draw your thread so tight.—Faust speaks here.—You should not pile your stitches.—For this phrase, what? I believe you are wrong.—Katty, Katty, pick that out at once, it is all askew.—Oh, now I see! please find that one word more.—Match the stripe, child!—A bold periphrasis, don't you think? Write it out for me, will you?"

Etty laughed at my work, but adopted it. I shall send for a translation. She may reject the help of a *pony*, but has not refused the aid of a donkey, certainly. "Who was your German teacher?" I inquired.

"Dr. Saireen."

I had quite forgotten the stupid old fellow.

*23d.*—Little Ugly torments me atrociously. It is of no avail for me to aim at reserve ; she plays upon me now to a merry, now to a serious, tune, as if I were no better than a hurdy-gurdy.

Provoked to some satirical remark on coquetry, I am coolly desired not to resume my old sarcastic ways.

*24th.*—I cannot approve this engaged young lady's readiness to read German and to sing duets with me hour after hour. I ought not to ask what she should avoid, to be sure, and I am to blame. I am afraid she sinks in my esteem with every one of those half-roguish, half-serious smiles, so timid, yet so encouraging. I cannot resist the fascination, while I despise it.

I talk to Etty about witches, sirens, imps of mischief, and scowl, I suppose. To-day she bit her lips, perhaps to keep from smiling, and asked if I was afraid of being too amiable. I answered "Yes," like an honest man. She said such an apprehension was honorable, and presently com-

posedly assured me it was quite superfluous after my early manifestation of *inconstancy*. This spirited speech gave me a sense of freedom. Ah, Little Ugly, we shall see who is inconstant! *That* hint might have been spared!

Letters from Boston. Flora says the Doctor's being there is convenient; he is very attentive to her. "Are you not jealous?" I asked. Etty answered simply "No." What am I to think of her proposing that we shall be fellow-students in German now my translation has come. Take care, Miss Etty! it is rash for you as well as for me, this reading sentiment from the same page, and wondering what has come over the sun, when he is only dipping himself in the pond at the proper time. It is hard to deny myself the short-lived happiness of watching the graceful movements of her mind, her feelings responding to the same thoughts that gratify my own. Not long can I enjoy the privilege, unless — Nay, I *must* not look that way! I am bewitched to believe that now, Etty not being on her guard, supposing her fate fixed beyond recall, I might win her to like or

even to love me. *Vain* men often deceive themselves; but I am not vain. She may yet be mine! I can rescue her; I will do it.

Off her guard, did I say? Therein lies the baseness. *She* is bound; shall I deliberately tempt her to break her troth? Is it the man who loves her truth, her goodness, her strength of mind, who would wish her unworthy of trust? Far be such selfishness from the heart of Reginald Ratcliffe.

25th.—No German to-day. Fishing, with Ike for company. Chilly business.

*Midnight.*—And Etty's lamp yet shines on the old tree. Is she puzzling over a labyrinthine sentence? It was more heroic than kind to bid her not wait for me. But am I not conceited, so desperately afraid of supplanting a very handsome and gifted man, having the advantage of being a widower with a cherub son, in whom Etty has a special interest? He is a fool not to take them with him to Europe; left here, she *may* change her mind!

Oh, that hope,—it *will* intrude!

Did my aunt see me color when the mail brought

Etty a letter, with a mortar and big S on a wax seal. She whispered, " You an' me 's seen enough of the wooing not to be in no doubt."

As I handed it to Etty, who held out her hand, I could not help saying, " A sentimental device, truly!" and laughed much louder than was necessary. Little Ugly banished all expression from her face; it was like a wood-cut in the primer. I almost wish the shrewd little witch would always be repellent.

When did my aunt go off to bed? I did not miss her! My favorite songs, that I never can hear without emotion, and would not let Flora sing,— ah, how I enjoyed them to-night! Never again!

*27th.*— To-morrow is Thanksgiving. Pumpkin-pies on the tea-table. Ike brings in a letter — sent express — and grins, as aunty says, " Is 't from him?" Etty looked at the boy, and he went off with ears as red as if they had been boxed. She broke the seal, and at the first glance was convulsed with laughter. Just as she got her mirth reined in, and was going to read on, her eye fell on me. Bowing her head upon the edge of the table,

she laughed till I was inclined to believe she was in hysterics. She soon raised her face with a tear on each cheek ; she looked at Aunt Tabitha, who was peering over her spectacles, and holding knife and fork upright, in forgetfulness of their use.

" When is it to come out, hey ? "

Etty choked down another burst of laughter, and said, " To-morrow, or next day at farthest."

" Nevy, give me holt o' yer arm ; I'll just step over and tell Salome."

Etty interdicted this proceeding, resuming her most obstinate wooden look. Her letter went unread into her pocket, while she went on stirring her tea and buttering her bit of johnny-cake. I walked off to the pond. It is not I that write letters to be passed by, thank my stars ! Women are frivolous creatures !

28th.—I carried a pudding to the Blacks for my aunt. I found Salome there with pies. I saw and smelt my turkey basting at the fire. To-morrow I'll go to Cambridge. I sent word to have a fire in my room. *Thanksgiving?* Glad it is over !

29th.—I found a book in company with an ink-

stand, lying on the stairs. Etty came running to the rescue. "When you leave your composition books in my path, I take it for granted I may read them," said I, holding it above her reach.

"If you read these, you will pronounce me deficient in originality," said Etty. Oh, it was an extract book!

"Whose vulgar-looking scrawls are these?"

"Dr. Saireen sets an example he wishes followed, in mercy to eyes."

"Black and coarse!"

"I should so like a little of *your* writing; as fine as you choose."

"Oh!"

"Very well, then; do not trouble yourself. Give me my book; it will not repay you for reading. I pick up a thought I like, without regard to literary merit. There are more pebbles than gems in my collection."

"Do not fatigue yourself by extending your hand. '*Allow people to discover your merit; they will value it the more for being their own discovery.*' (Lord Kames.) Apparently *you* adopt that rule."

" You need explore no further, Mr. Ratcliffe. I will thank you for my chip-basket."

" A date here — 'Sept. 28th ;' the very evening we circumambulated the pond. You see I have a memory for important events."

" I hope the motto is to your taste. I was puzzled then."

" *Whether the being that walketh the earth at thy side be Apollyon or Gabriel thy soul knoweth not.* Are you still in doubt, Miss Etty ? "

" I have found you out pretty nearly. I want my book."

" Hold," cried I, starting, and nervously laughing. " For this passage from the Albigenses, I conjecture both date and application."

Much excited, Etty protested against my rummaging and drawing inferences. " Your sagacity will only mislead you, however."

" Etty, you were reading that book last Saturday." It was the day she wept so much. " *Perhaps indifference to those who love us truly, fondly, and worthily, that insolvency of the heart towards a generous creditor, is the pang that tries its chords most*

*deeply.'* (Maturin.) Was it for me or for him — tell me — that you shed those tears, soon dried and forgotten? I beg you to say, though I have little doubt on the subject."

"It is an abstract sentiment. I give you no leave to apply it," said Etty, coldly.

"Do not be offended. Etty, are you engaged?"

"You know, Mr. Ratcliffe, that is a question I do not at present answer."

"To those *impertinently* curious," said I; "but you must have divined the motive which gives me a right to ask and to be answered. From this moment there shall be a clear understanding between us, Etty." I would have said "dear Etty," but for the phantom of a rival yet between me and hope. "You should be incapable of trifling."

"You have lost the right to complain of trifling," said she; but I pressed my question.

With a movement to break off the conference, she said, "I have no entanglement of any kind. I would form no attachment that might lead me to quit Aunt Tabitha while she lives."

"I understand your motive for narrowing the

field of conjecture for me and for the gossips, when the attentions so long watched with interest ceased."

" You will be gentlemanly enough to keep your conjectures to yourself," said Etty, as I resigned the book.

" In my eagerness to escape from a false position, I have wounded your delicacy," said I. " Forgive me; how long must this mystification of the public last?"

" Only till to-morrow, when the Doctor will bring home Flora as his betrothed. I hope you are now enlightened as to the object of his preference." As I stood pondering this bit of news, she came running back in advance of Aunt Tabitha, to bid me keep counsel.

At dusk a glittering tandem whirled up to the door. Flora fluttered to the ground like a bright-colored bird, not waiting for her dignified companion to assist her, or for me to hold the gay horse that had the precedence, and had turned about as if curious to look at her. Aunt Tabitha expressed more surprise than satisfaction, and I the reverse,

when we were told the compact that had been made. Etty wore her most stolid aspect, and presently betook herself to the kitchen, where Norah was making a hospitable clatter. Master Adolphus had remained in Boston, practising the whooping-cough.

Tea being over, Flora ran to her *dear* piano, which I opened for her, the Doctor being occupied with rubbing his hands over the fire. The first song that came to hand was, "Flora, oh, forget me not!"

"This news will be a blow for Horace!" I said. Flora would not hear.

"I presume he will ever retain his title of Bachelor of the P. & S."

Silence, and a gentle sigh.

"Perhaps he never had a serious intention of resigning it," I said, looking for a rap on the knuckles.

Flora leaned her cheek on her hand, and whispered, "He would never have taken me to Europe, you know!" and played a polka with such energy that the teacups rattled and almost danced away

with the spoons. And we sang "Scotland's burning," as loud as we could shout, till I thought the "Fire! fire!" would bring in the neighbors with buckets. Dr. Saireen stood all the while at the fire, talking as loudly as if aunty was deaf.

But all was still in an instant, when Etty, having carried away Flora's bonnet and furs, came to join her in a duet. No ear has the Doctor; his eyes only were attentive. His quick and keen glances noted all my movements, and scanned my face, as a detective who suspected me of having stolen a missing treasure might do. I could hardly avoid smiling. Etty felt it, too; she blushed whenever I spoke to her, and sang so bashfully that Flora stopped in the middle of a bar, and scolded her. On me the Doctor's *surveillance* had no other effect than to render me *maliciously* devoted. A saucy whisper made Little Ugly perfectly charming, blushing and laughing in impatient confusion, and when Aunt Tabitha called me to attend her to Salome Puddingstone's, I flatter myself Etty was heartily glad at my departure. Where is the self-possession that so long baffled and defied me?

28th.—I rose early to watch for Etty, with the following curious document in my pocket, which, though only folded and directed, I could not read of course till it was in her hand. She unsuspectingly allowed me to look over her shoulder:—

Patience ! how often clouds abuse  
Weak mortals' sight, and bound their views !  
You rogue, you let us all think 't was you !  
But we can spare Flory the best o' the two !  
Wearing the willow won't trouble your mind ;  
As good fish in the sea you will sartainly find.  
But sincerely I pray you may never be married,  
Till Miss Flint to her last low home is carried,  
Unless, like fair Ruth with Naomi who tarried,  
You take up with her KINSMAN. This hint can't be parried.

SALOME PUDDINGSTONE.

Upon this hint I spake. Of course Aunt Tabitha could not spare her, I acknowledged, but the dear old mother-aunty would ask nothing better than to live in the winter in Boston with her best-loved children, and Ratborough would always be the happiest summer resort for her nephew. He would buy the woods by the pond, not to redeem the property of his ancestors, but on account of certain *delightful associations*.

Etty inquired whether it was my falling head-foremost into the blackberry bushes in pursuit of Captain Black's pigeons.

Oh no ; it was there, in our moonlight walk, that I fell in love, I explained. A more serious disaster, Etty remarked, unless my heart wounds were mere scratches, as in my *earlier* experience. This saucy rejoinder I punished by putting my arm round her and making her sit down with me on the sofa. She bowed her head, with her hand across her mouth, and I ran on about my plans and prospects, unchecked. "I will return to college and study hard for marks, and graduate with high rank, of course. Then there will be nothing to wait for but to fit up the old Ratcliffe mansion. It will be my joy to gratify all your preferences in the furnishing. Aunt Tabitha's rooms shall have her own things in them, to make her feel at home. Then I shall put my woodside flower where it will be seen and admired. Life shall glide along like a glorious dream," etc. etc.

Enter my aunt. Her countenance tell as she said, "It is a bargain, I see !"

"No, aunty," said Etty; and, releasing herself, she escaped from the room.

"She can't get over it all to once 't, the Doctor passing her by for Flory, foolish man! Well, Flory'll come out bright yet. She's been fond of him ever since she used to set on his knee and hold the book, when Etty was saying her *hick-hack-hocks*. That outlandish lingo ain't o' much use, to my notion,—not for a woman. A doctor don't want no larned wife to darn his socks; that's so!"

"Aunt, I *know* Etty loves me. I have obtained no promise as yet, to be sure."

"Sakes alive!" cried my aunt, her eyes swimming and lips quivering. "I sha'n't know how to put one foot 'fore t' other with Etty in Boston! But if *that's* the trouble, as maybe 't is, I won't stan' in yer way, my boy. 'T an't long I have to live alone." I was dumb, and she went slowly away.

Christmas, and here I linger yet. Etty does not know me well, forsooth! She is trying my temper, perhaps. It is giving way. Only when I am with

her am I patient. I'm an ill-used man. I'll bolt — give up College — do some reckless thing — marry somebody else, and leave Little Ugly to go singing about the red farmhouse till she is as old as Aunt Tabitha.

. . . . .  
*Fan.* 1.— "Happy New Year!" cries my aunt, whom I purposely avoided till she espied me *first*. Etty had a penwiper all ready for me. I showed her the little linen wristband in my pocket-book, which she vainly attempted to take away, and could not hide from me that she was pleased that I had so long kept it. We hear of the Saireens in Paris. Before they sailed, Adolph had the croup, and my aunt says could not be coaxed out of Flora's arms, when she "was all tuckered out." The Doctor is no fool; he knew it was in her, and so did I. Madam Saireen always preferred to shy Etty the saucy romp that tousled her starched ruffs, and pushed her cap half off, kissing her for doughnuts or candy. I wonder if Etty still thinks of my only flirtation, abandoned at one reproving look from her.

"Come, nevy, — read me Salome's last, — I can't make out her pot-hooks and trammels."

I obeyed, and from the sorry rhymes I won't copy here, I learned this fact. Etty is an heiress. That is one stump out of my way, if pride has anything to do with my want of favor. I had often wondered how my aunt could have laid up money enough to live so comfortably and indulge Flora's love of dress, and I said so.

"Etty's pennies — she's so open-handed — are always mine more 'n hern. I'm sick of seeing of her in dark gownds and linen collars, and she making Flora buy what she liked."

"And in my view she looked the lady, and Flora the country lass," said I.

*Fan.* 2.—Wake up, old monitor; what is the matter that I do not gain an inch in Etty's confidence? — You are self-engrossed. — Nonsense, I love! — You don't earn respect by your loafing here with your sweet speeches and your *petits soins*. You should be at your work in earnest.

"Aunt, have my things ready, will you, for I am going to Cambridge to-morrow?"

Etty's face lighted up. I will leave her, I said to myself, to make up her mind at her leisure ; she is glad to be rid of me, evidently. And I said very seriously, "Whatever I have to do shall be done at my best, to prepare for doing my fair share of the world's work. When I graduate, help me to plan such a career as you would be proud to share with me. I shall need a home to rest in."

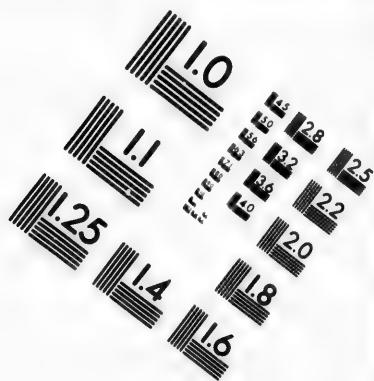
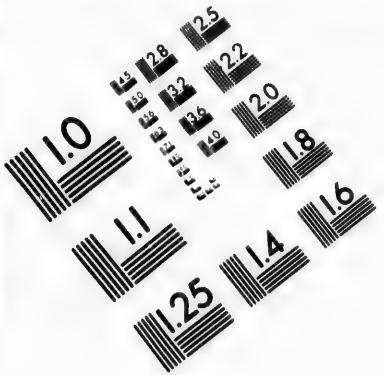
With a tear and a smile, and a hand meeting mine, she said I should find her there to cheer and to help.

"And advise ?" said I, mischievously.

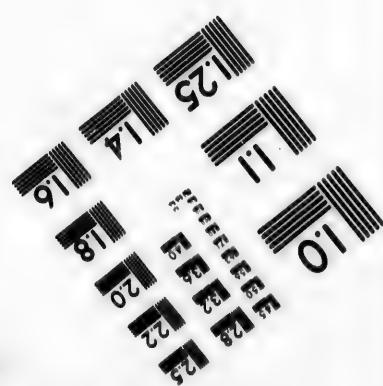
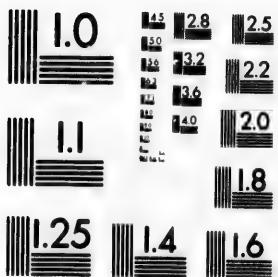
Etty's light-hearted laugh found a ready echo. She said she should no doubt try to be useful in that line, but her wisdom must be gauged by my judgment ; her part was to accept its decisions.

I thought I should be more inclined to render than to exact a *slavish* submission, and I said so. Aunt Tabitha coming in, we kissed her and each other, and so at last the bargain was sealed.

ANNE W. ABBOTT.



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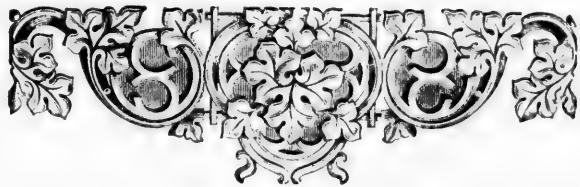


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## PUELLA ROMANA.

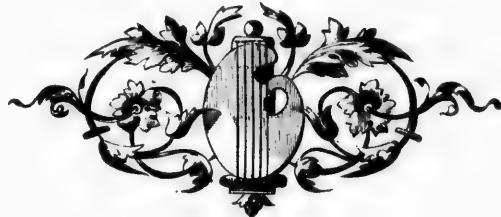
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FUIT olim puella Romana  
Quam terruit pipiens sana ;  
Ait parvulus mus,  
Qui coluit rus,  
“Quam debilis gens est humana.”

J. B. G.







TO

## WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

SENT ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY, NOV. 3, 1864.

---

BRYANT! now, while thy honored brow  
Poets and artists crown with bay,  
I, too, though distant and alone,  
With joy will keep the day.

Ennobling thoughts and happy hours  
I owe to thee come thronging back,  
When, of the footsteps of the Past  
I sweep across the track.

In childhood's deep and bitter grief  
I watched thy sea-bird's flight at even,  
And took, with earnest sympathy,  
The lesson sent from Heaven;

And still, bedewing every line,  
There shines with tender lustre, clear,  
That which but adds a holy charm, —  
My widowed mother's tear.

How, day by day, through circling years,  
Has Nature, hand in hand with thee,  
Unlocked her stores of gracious wealth,  
And held them up to me !

The raging blasts of stormy March,  
The autumn woods in crimson flame,  
And breathings of the summer wind  
Are vocal with thy name.

The blue-bird's note, the squirrel's chirp,  
Wild waters murmuring along,  
The varied music of the woods,  
All mingle with thy song.

The yellow violet speaks of thee  
While its soft fragrance rises up,  
And holy Hope in silence fills  
Thy gentian's azure cup.

And still, through all thy gathering years,  
For Truth, for Right, has been thy word,

Nor ever yet from out thy lyre  
Has one false note been heard.

Our Country, when she stands once more  
(Now bleeding, pierced, through Treason's wile)  
Erect, in strength and beauty clad,  
Shall greet thee with a smile;

For thou hast used thy God-given powers  
To spread the Truth that makes men free ;  
And spoken from a patriot's heart  
For Light and Liberty.

MRS. CHARLES FOLSOM.







## THE LESSON OF A SONG.

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### I.

O H, 't was a cruel wrong,  
And its memory lingered long  
In the heart of one who would not forget ;  
Disdain and anger therein met.

Each succeeding morrow,  
Freighted with joy or sorrow,  
Only heightened the bitter pain,  
Till hope of forgiving seemed in vain.  
An injury nourished in the heart  
Stings like a venom'd arrow's dart.

### II.

'T was but a simple song,  
With a meaning sweet and strong ;

And, in truth, the singer never knew  
That the song had done what naught else could do ;  
    For, upward soaring slowly,  
        As on an errand holy,  
On its wings from the hearer's heart was borne  
That bitter feeling of pride and scorn.  
    What, as music, can impart  
        Healing balm to a wounded heart ?

H. L. R.



